VICKY AMONG THE TORIES

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The Price That Britain Pays

SINCE the Atlantic Charter was signed, the British people has become a little sceptical of high-sounding declarations, acclaimed as turning points in history but achieving no practical change in the course of affairs. This week, however, such phrases are not exaggerated. If the Act of London is duly ratified, it will indeed mark a turning point; and history will record that this was made possible by a radical change in British foreign policy, from which there can be no return. It was Mr. Eden, and Mr. Eden alone, who saved the Conference from certain disaster by the bold and quite unexpected pledge to maintain a British army permanently in Europe.

No wonder that he is acclaimed in the United States and in France for an act of "supreme statesmanship." He has provided the French Premier with a complete justification for permitting E.D.C. to founder in the Assembly; by so doing M. Mendès-France has achieved an agreement definitely more satisfactory to his country. Indeed, under the Act of London he obtains from Britain the peacetime military support which successive French Governments have sought since the Entente Cordiale was signed in 1906, and which successive British Governments have refused to concede. Mr. Dulles too can feel gratified. Ever since Nato was established, the Americans have wanted to see Britain accept her status as a Continental Power, and have regarded the European Defence Community, from which Britain carefully excluded herself, as a second best, necessitated by British isolationism. They too obtain far more than they envisaged a fortnight ago in their fondest dreams. Under the Act of London, thanks to Mr. Eden, West Germany will be rearmed with French consent; and a European defence system created to which Britain is pledged in advance to contribute a standing army and a tactical air force, while the United States is left completely free to decide its own contribution at a later date.

Those who have always regarded German rearmament as a prerequisite for Western strategy, and West German sovereignty as a first step to German unification, have already joined in the French and American chorus of praise for the Foreign Secretary. But surely, before a final decision is reached, it would be well to study coolly and objectively the price which Mr. Eden has agreed that this country should pay for French consent to German rearmament. Consider strategy first. The Act of London means that any savings in manpower achieved by the withdrawal from Suez will be more than cancelled out. Once we are committed to keep 120,000 soldiers permanently in Western Europe—including three out of our four armoured divisions—it will be well-nigh impossible ever to reduce the two-year period of military service. To this must be added the financial burden. At present the Germans are contributing some £200m. annually in occupation costs—mainly for maintenance of the British Army of the Rhine. It had always been recognised that the restoration of sovereignty to the Federal Republic would involve the end of this German contribution. But before the Act of London was signed the Government could argue that, if the burden proved too heavy, the number of troops would be reduced. Now such a reduction is excluded, and one certain effect of German rearmament will be to lose us the £200m. we now get. This should disillusion those simpletons who believed that we should lighten our burdens by putting the Germans into uniform. In fact it will cost us the equivalent of a 1*s.* 6*d.* increase in the standard rate of income tax.

To these economic burdens must be added those sacrifices of national independence which the Act of London involves. Since these sacrifices have been spelled out by successive Foreign Secretaries, when in past years they refused to accede to the French demands, we need only mention them briefly. Britain loses her freedom (if it still exists in the atom age) to stage another Dunkirk and revert to an island strategy. Much more serious, she

forfeits the special relation with the U.S. which she previously enjoyed; she becomes merely one among America's European allies. Most important of all, under the London Treaty, the Germans will become the arbiters of Europe's destiny. Once the Federal Republic is a sovereign State, it can veto any negotiations with the Russians and, with the Americans, continue to organise the cadres for armed insurrection in the Eastern Zone. Alternatively, it can use its sovereign powers to come to an agreement with the Russians; and, in that case any agreements reached with the West are no longer binding.

We are well aware that even to express such doubts about the London Conference will be regarded in certain quarters as akin to treason. The Western alliance, we are being told, has been saved by British statesmanship, and we should all be ready to pay the very high price required in order to achieve that end. We would not grudge any price if the result were the creation of conditions for peaceful coexistence in Europe. Indeed, if similar guarantees had been offered to France at any time before 1950, we should have welcomed the initiative. What is ironical is that they are now being offered not in order to counteract the German menace but as a means of persuading France to connive at its revival.

France Scores

The more carefully we study the details of the Nine Power agreement, the more powerfully we are struck by the negotiating skill displayed by M. Mendès-France. Fighting one against eight, he conceded very little, and extorted concessions from everyone—except the Americans. Mr. Eden was compelled to jettison Britain's traditional policy towards Europe. Dr. Adenauer was forced to renounce the manufacture of unconventional weapons and to abjure the use of force for liberating the lost provinces; and finally all the European Ministers were bullied into accepting a complex system of arms control under the Brussels Pact which none of them wanted. Having obtained all this as his country's price for agreeing to German rearmament and the admission of the Federal Republic into Nato, Mendès-France can be reasonably confident of achieving a majority in the Assembly. And since he was careful to demand nothing of the U.S. and everything of Britain, he will achieve an unexpected popularity in Washington. There can be little doubt that what emerged in London is not only far more advantageous to France but a good deal less unworkable than the absurd supra-national bureaucracy proposed in the E.D.C. Treaty. If the American directive that West Germany must at all costs be rearmed had to be accepted, Mendès-France has forced his reluctant allies to choose the least harmful way of doing it.

Second Best for Bonn

The only person in Bonn who has revealed any genuine enthusiasm for the Act of London is Dr. Adenauer, for whom it brought salvation from total political shipwreck. In his statement to the Bundestag, the Chancellor was at pains to underline that the grant of sovereignty to the Federal Republic is unconditional; and he did his best to argue that the new plan departs very little from the European concept of E.D.C. But the press and most of the politicians outside the Chancellor's clique have not accepted his assessment at its face value. What matters to them is that a French Government has at the last moment seized the initiative from Bonn, and for this reason may very well be able to make Germans appear in American eyes as the awkward boys of Europe if Germany now holds up ratification by refusing to accept a French solution of the Saar problem. The fact that Dr. Dehler, the volatile leader of the Free German Democrats, could openly suggest one more approach to the Russians before a final decision is reached, shows that the phase when West German politicians could wholeheartedly welcome the idea of complete integration in the Atlantic system has already passed. What they are groping for now is an "independent" German policy, and the Act of London is only acceptable to them as a second best.

Disarmament—the Russian Offer

Is there at last a real chance of substantial progress towards an international disarmament convention? Certainly, in his speech at the U.N. General Assembly last week, Mr. Vishinsky made an offer within measurable distance of the Anglo-French plan produced, and rejected by the Russians, in London last June. Briefly, his proposal was that December 31, 1953, should be taken as datum level; that, as soon as a disarmament treaty defining the extent of agreed disarmament had been signed, half the stipulated reduction should be effected within 6-12 months under the supervision of a temporary International Control Commission; and that as soon as the second stage (also to take 6-12 months) of disarmament had begun, the manufacture of atomic and other "mass destruction" weapons should cease—the ban to be enforced by an international body with full powers of "control, including inspection, on a permanent basis." Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was quite entitled to ask on Monday for further clarification of these proposals. It is not yet clear whether the "temporary" Commission in the first stage would have the powers of inspection which the permanent body would enjoy; nor has Mr. Vishinsky explained whether either or both of the controlling authorities would be subject to veto in the Security Council. (There is also, of course, the awkward implication in the Soviet plan that the datum level for Germany would be zero.) Nevertheless, it is encouraging that the U.S.S.R. now seems disposed to accept in substance the Anglo-French conception of a "phased" reduction of armaments, both conventional and unconventional. The Western Powers have no longer any excuse to object that the Russians should appear to be insisting on an unsupervised ban on "mass destruction" weapons in advance of any reduction in personnel and conventional arms.

Disengagement at Trieste

The Western Powers are to be congratulated on a real diplomatic success in extricating themselves from the impasse which their past cynical treatment of Italian and Yugoslav "rights" in the matter of the Free Territory of Trieste had landed them. Whether the parties immediately concerned have much cause for satisfaction is another matter. Italy is confirmed juridically in her *de facto* possession of the city and substantially the whole of Zone A; but her claim (based on strong ethnic and economic arguments) to some part at least of Istria has had to be abandoned. Signor Scelba is surely exaggerating when he declares that this is "a great day for Italy." The Yugoslavs secure one village on what was the "other side" of the Morgan Line; but they have little assurance that the frontier now formally established will not perpetuate the tragic position in which Zone B, cut off from its natural market, languishes in depression and poverty. As for Trieste itself, the economic future of the city without the influx of dollars and sterling spent by the occupying forces is not rosy; and, if the Anglo-American garrison were ever withdrawn from Austria, Trieste's situation would be desperate—unless an easing of the present embargoes on East-West trade led to the use of the port for traffic with the Communist countries of central Europe. Hopes are apparently entertained that this settlement will end all friction between Italy and Yugoslavia, so that the two countries will now co-operate "reliably" in Western defence strategy. Whatever the military consequences of the agreement may be, the partition of the Free Territory is presenting Italy, economically, with a liability rather than an asset.

India and Seato

In a Parliamentary debate, on the eve of his visit to China, Mr. Nehru strongly condemned the establishment of Seato. It had vitiated the good atmosphere of Geneva; it added little strength to the countries concerned, and it could only antagonise Asia and increase tension. One of the essentials, he added, for ensuring security in South-East Asia and in the Far East was the recognition of the People's Republic of China and its admission to the U.N. What of the fears felt by the countries of South-East Asia with regard to their large Chinese populations? Both Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai had recently referred to this problem, and Mr. Nehru obviously hopes that one of the results of his visit will be a declaration by Peking that overseas Chinese must now choose between retaining Chinese nationality (in which case they must not interfere in the internal affairs of the other country), or of becoming nationals of the country where they are living—in which case they would sever their connections with China. Nehru saw no difficulty in officially co-operating with Communist Governments; the problem was what "they might do *sub rosa* through the activities of the Communist Party in these countries." Both Burma and Indonesia have had first-hand experience, and it is with these two countries that Nehru described India as being on the closest terms—closer indeed than with the Commonwealth, although he made a pointed reference to the advantages of remaining a member. In this detailed formulation of India's efforts to create an atmosphere of peace he was in effect warning both the Seato Powers and the Chinese Communists not to interfere in the internal affairs of South-East Asia.

Another Dock Strike

The stoppage in the London docks is so confused that it is easy to understand the Minister of Labour's reluctance to intervene. There are, in fact, four separate but inter-related disputes: between the electricians and the employers; between the Stevedores Union (N.A.S.D.) and the employers; between the Stevedores and the Transport Workers; and between the four thousand members of the Transport Workers who have struck unofficially and their union officials. The centre of the immediate trouble is the official strike of the N.A.S.D., which is disputing the rates for sorting meat, and is willing to resume work only if the dock employers will agree to negotiate on all outstanding issues, including the question of compulsory overtime. The employers, however, will not negotiate until the N.A.S.D. withdraws the overtime ban which it imposed some months ago. No doubt the show of militancy by the N.A.S.D. is prompted in part by its desire to prove that it is a tough bargaining agent, and thus attract dissidents from the Transport Workers into its ranks. Similarly, the Transport Workers have begun negotiations for a wage increase without consulting the N.A.S.D. —thus carrying out Mr. Deakin's threat to cancel the agreement on joint negotiation as a penalty for the "poaching" of his members by the N.A.S.D. In these circumstances, the decision of four thousand Transport Workers to strike in support of the N.A.S.D. must be causing some concern at Transport House. The efforts of the T. and G.W. to persuade their members to stay at work have been seriously compromised by the action of the port employers in using lascars to unload a ship.

PARIS

Premature Petard

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Despite its historic importance, M. Mendès-France's resounding triumph in London was scarcely heard above the din of battle in Paris. Indeed, for the past two weeks, nothing has succeeded in interrupting the deafening artillery duel between the Right-wing press and the Minister of the Interior. Now that the gun-smoke is lifting, M. Mitterrand (with three confessed "spies" safely behind bars) has emerged as undisputed victor, while *Le Figaro* office is a mass of smouldering (though not silent) ruins. But the outcome is all the more surprising in that M. Mitterrand was nearly taken by surprise: the documents in M. Dides's brief-case were designed to serve, it appears, as the detonator of a gigantic land-mine which was to have blown the Minister into the High Court on a charge of treason.

The smear-campaign against Mitterrand has been gathering momentum ever since he took office. Late in June, M. Pléven, whom he ousted last year from the leadership of the U.D.S.R., filed a report with Washington about his "pro-Communist activities"; and his name was at the head of a list of "Communist sympathisers in the Mendès-France Government" which Mr. David Bruce recently sent to the State Department. M. Mitterrand was not, of course, the only Minister designated as "suspect." During his recent visit to Paris, the credulous Senator Wiley carried with him a document proving that the three Gaullist Ministers who resigned before the Brussels Conference did so on orders from the Kremlin, and a calumnious finger has even, in fact, been pointed in the direction of the highly respectable M. Faure. But the North African Lobby regard Mitterrand, with good reason, as their principal enemy; and he was therefore chosen as the target.

Early in July, M. Mitterrand dismissed M. Baylot, Prefect of Paris. This set the machine in motion. A few days later, M. Mendès-France was privately informed that there had been serious leakages from the National Defence Council, and that there was reason to think that Mitterrand was responsible. M. Mendès-France's reply was not, as had been hoped, to ask Mitterrand to resign, but to alert the D.S.T. Martinaud-Déplat and his friends therefore changed their plans: the entire Government was now to be accused of complicity with treason, and the scandal was to break (in the columns, say, of *Le Figaro*) on September 27, at the start of the London Conference. The Conference would collapse, M. Mendès-France would return empty-handed, and the Government would be defeated.

What went wrong? It certainly wasn't the fault of the C.P., who appear to have co-operated splendidly throughout. They were as anxious as M. Martinaud-Déplat for the failure of the London negotiations; and in order to make the September 27 deadline, they acted with a speed which must surely constitute a record for a major piece of espionage. The report of the September 10th Defence Committee was passed from Turpin to Labrusse, from Labrusse to Baranès, from Baranès to the C.P., from the C.P. to Baranès (duly annotated) and from Baranès to Dides all in four days! No: the man who was to blame was M. Fouchet. Instead of playing his allotted part—as leader of the Fifth Column in the Government—he joined forces with the D.S.T., helped them to catch Dides red-handed, and exploded the land-mine, harmlessly, a week before it was due to go off. Mr. Dulles's abrupt changes of front were a measure of the near-success and the eventual failure of the plot.

Meanwhile, there are a number of very red faces in Paris. The famous Dides network is now proved to have consisted of a Communist spy (M. Baranès) and an escaped convict ("M. Charles"). Why, then, was it "the only effective counter-espionage organisation in France"? Why was Baranès, while on the run from the police, allowed to spend a night hiding in the offices of *Le Figaro*? Why was he subsequently sheltered by M. Hugues, a Radical deputy connected with *Paix et Liberté*? Why did Dides hold regular meetings with a security officer from the American Embassy? How long have the leakages from the Defence Committee been going on? Two years? Three? Did they include the entire details of the ill-fated Navarre Plan? Above all, why did M. Martinaud-Déplat fail to take effective action when the leakages were discovered, a month before he left office?

It is doubtful if Mendès-France will succeed in getting satisfactory answers to all these questions, and he may not even be willing to try. For his vote of confidence on the London Conference, and for the subsequent ratification of the final agreements, he will need every Right-wing Deputy he can get. Moreover, during the next month, most of the parties are due to hold their annual conferences. Next week's Radical Party Conference is of particular importance to him; for, to judge by the tenor of the resolution passed by local Radical federations, he stands a good chance of breaking, or at least weakening, M. Martinaud-Déplat's control of the Party machine. All this will require very delicate handling. Besides, if Mendès-France risks a head-on collision with the extreme anti-Communist Right, can he be sure that all his Government will follow him?

NEW YORK

Censuring McCarthy

Our New York Correspondent writes: The judicious firmness with which the Watkins Committee conducted its hearings and presented its findings have been acclaimed here by all but the few last-ditch McCarthyites. What a difference from McCarthy's own brutal investigative methods! What a difference from the meandering irrelevancies of the Army hearings! And, because of the fairness of the proceedings, the conservative composition of the committee, and the unanimity of its recommendation that McCarthy should be censured, observers here believe that the Senate cannot fail to follow that recommendation when it meets on November 8. Not that more than a handful of Senators have so far publicly declared which way they intend voting on censure when the time comes. Most of them have said that they must read the committee's report and reflect upon it. That was to be expected, for Senators are peculiarly adept at avoiding issues at election time. Nevertheless, the Senate vote in favour of censuring McCarthy is likely to be overwhelming.

With censure seemingly assured, discussion now centres on its practical meaning. The Senate may pass the appropriate resolution, but it would place upon McCarthy no further penalties or disabilities. In practice, of course, it would be a heavy blow to his prestige and influence and, conversely, would do much to restore morale in the executive branch of government and elsewhere. The question of McCarthy's chairmanship of the Senate's Government Operations Committee and its investigating sub-committee will arise only if the Republicans win the November elections.

As this campaign develops it is difficult to see what the fundamental issues between the two parties are. Whereas the Administration seems to have favoured big business in its policies and there has also been a slight downward drift in economic prosperity, conditions have been good enough for the mass of the people—except for the widely scattered 3½ million unemployed—to prevent the Democrats from making any real political capital out of "recession." The decline in McCarthy's position and Democratic sponsorship of the Communist-outlaw Act have made it difficult for the Republicans to derive much benefit from the charge that the Democrats are "soft" on Communism. In the field of foreign policy (and there is some question as to whether this field is of much influence when Americans go to the polls), although the Administration will boast that it "ended the war in Korea," this may be counter-balanced by the vague feeling that the American world position has deteriorated under the Republicans.

The only distinct cleavages between the parties are regional. There is evidence, for example, that the farmers are dissatisfied with Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson's attempts to weaken farm supports. The Republicans will face hostility on this, particularly in the Mid-West, where Harry Truman did so unexpectedly well in 1948. The other regional issue will be public *versus* private development of power resources, important in the Far West. The Democrats claim that Eisenhower and his Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, favour the utilities companies, while the Republicans say they are trying to get rid of excessive Federal bureaucracy. In Oregon, the sitting Republican Senator, Guy Cordon, and his Democratic opponent, Richard L. Neuberger, are fighting the election on the issue.

After the Scarborough Conference

A FORTNIGHT ago I wrote on this page that the decisive point of the Labour Conference would be the decision on Germany. I was wrong: the German debate settled very little. The moment of truth, as I saw it from London, came about half an hour before the final dispersal of the Conference, when over two million votes were firmly cast against the Executive in Friday's debate on price controls. An ineffectual and unconsidered protest at the butt end of a tiring week? On the contrary, a highly significant event.

The obvious arguments for the reintroduction of price controls and an excess profits tax to protect the consumer, were put from the floor of the Conference without very much force or a very profound economic insight. A soothing bromide from the platform ought to have been enough to round off the Conference without trouble or delay. In fact the Executive speaker chose to read a brief which sounded to the delegates like a glorification of Tory economic policies. Many people will remember some of the phrases used—they were extensively quoted by the Tory spokesman in the inter-Party radio commentary on the Conference. This speech was more than some of the delegates present in the hall were prepared to swallow. Despite the hour, despite the chairman's appeals for a peaceful ending to the Conference, despite the fact that no lead was given to the rank-and-file by any prominent spokesman of the Left, a card vote was demanded and over two million votes were cast against an Executive statement which struck the delegates as a calculated affront to their convictions.

This was indeed, as Mr. Bevan had rather unexpectedly remarked, a mature conference. The vote on Seato, which marked its opening, the vote on Germany, and the vote with which it ended, all showed the existence of a solid and discriminating Left-wing vote, which was not confined to the constituency parties and which was evidently independent of purely personal loyalties. For instance, it is clear that many votes cast against Mr. Bevan for the Party Treasurership were subsequently cast in favour of the causes with which he has identified himself. Again, whether or not Mr. Bevan disillusioned some of his supporters by his speech at the *Tribune* meeting (and while ignoring the malice which disfigured most of the press reports one can believe that it was not one of his happiest efforts), the vote on price controls, taken 48 hours later, shows that he did not impair their political judgment.

There are two general comments that I should like to make about this situation. The first is about Mr. Bevan himself. It has been suggested by many political observers that the Left of the Labour Party is now independent of Mr. Bevan. To suggest that Mr. Bevan's followers have suddenly divested themselves of an unwanted and embarrassing ally—and this is what some newspaper correspondents have suggested—is the sheerest nonsense. Mr. Bevan has staked his whole personal future on a hazardous political strategy, which could lead him to disaster. If that were to happen (and I warn his enemies not to celebrate too soon), he would not destroy the Socialist wing of the Labour Party. Thanks very largely to his struggle, the Left is now well enough established and well enough represented at the top to survive the failure of his gamble and to produce in due course, if it had to, alternative leaders.

Were that not so, indeed, Mr. Bevan would be unable to leave his followers to defend the stronghold they have already captured, while he goes out to assault the citadel of trade union power. But the theory that the Left of the Party has no need of Mr. Bevan, or no longer realises that need, does not recognise that Mr. Bevan's is the only political voice in Britain, apart from Sir Winston's, which can command a hearing in almost any circumstances. He is the only remaining speaker in the Labour movement who can clothe complex and unconventional ideas in the rich mantle of working-class oratory. Although, deprived of his personal dynamic, the Left of the Party would survive, it would be enormously weakened. Similarly, Mr. Bevan, out to conquer new territory, depends absolutely on the ability of his supporters on the Executive, and on the two-and-a-half million Left-wing votes of the Labour Conference to hold what military strategists would call the firm base from which his offensive can be launched.

Secondly, a word about the objective at which the Left must aim in the coming year. In spite of the well-named "paper victory" of the official leadership at Scarborough, we have not, I suspect, heard the last of German rearmament. For the Scarborough decision when placed in context with the London Agreement has virtually committed the Labour Party to the support of a policy whose consequences have not yet been fully recognised by the rank-and-file. A huge new obstacle in the way of cutting the call-up, or, indeed, making any early reduction in our total Defence burden; a greatly increased drain on our dollar reserves; much less chance of any fruitful Four-Power talks—all these consequences seem to flow inexorably from the London Agreement. Mr. Gaitskell, writing in a Sunday newspaper, foreshadows the approval of the Agreement by the Parliamentary Labour Party; and although a powerful minority will oppose it, I expect his forecast will prove right. In any case, how can the leaders who have barred no holds in committing the Party to support West German rearmament now refuse to accept its almost inevitable consequences? Yet the effect of these on the Labour Party's domestic programme and its chance of winning power is so great that no one will expect them to be accepted without further argument. The Left of the Labour Party would be failing in its duty if it did not place the blame for these electoral handicaps where it belongs—on the official leadership.

Nevertheless, the Socialists in the Party cannot maintain their momentum, and win added support, merely by a sterile nostalgia for a neutral Germany. They must formulate a positive approach to the problems of daily life in Britain; and, as I suggested before the Conference, the biggest of these is how to sell Socialism to people who are doing not too badly under Mr. Butler's boom. The answer probably is that, in the very short term, you cannot do it. Socialists must realise that, in the economic conditions of the moment, anti-Socialist policies are likely to continue in Whitehall and the anti-Socialist wing will go on dominating the coalition which makes up the Labour Party. The official leadership, on the other hand, must understand that, for the first time in recent years, there is a powerful, and reasonably cohesive, Left-wing vote, not governed only by personal loyalties, which will be mobilised to halt them when they go too far. I suspect that Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell were genuinely surprised by the depth of feeling and the degree of opposition which was aroused by their manœuvres on Germany. I read the Scarborough voting as giving them warning that this volume of opposition will turn out again, if they again choose to make such a direct challenge to the convictions of the Party's rank-and-file.

If, however, we have to accept that, for the present, they will continue to rule the Party, what has the Left to work for? Is Bevan's campaign doomed in advance to failure? Not so. The experiences of 1947, 1948 and 1951 show how suddenly the economic scene can change. The position of Socialists is based on the double appreciation that the present boom is insecure and largely fortuitous, and that the contradictions of capitalism are too great to be reconciled by Keynesian adjustments of the machine of private profit. If that appreciation is wrong—if capitalism does work in the modern world—our *raison d'être* is gone, and we had better surrender as gracefully as we can to the Butskells. But till it is proved wrong, Socialists must base their plans on the prospect of coming to power in a crisis of either external payments or internal under-consumption—a crisis which may well be complicated by colonial insurrection or the fear of war.

The task of Socialists in the Labour Party, therefore, at present is threefold. First, they must continue the task of instructing individuals in the fundamentals of a Socialist political economy. Secondly, they must organise their strength as a check on the current supremacy of the anti-Socialists inside the Labour Party; above all, they must resist the anti-Socialist content which, more and more, is colouring the Cold War strategy of the West. Thirdly, they must prepare and propagate outline plans to deal with internal economic crisis by Socialist methods—the wide measure of agreement on colonial matters at Scarborough shows that the need for Socialist investment in the colonies is already accepted, even by many anti-Socialists. Such plans may look out of place in the immediate circumstances of today; but, unless Socialism itself is out of date, their time will come. The real tragedy of 1931 was not so much that the Party sloughed off its faithless leaders, as that the Left, faced with economic crisis, was caught without any plan which even the rank-and-file of Party members, whose loyalty was unshakable, found coherent or convincing. That is a piece of history which could repeat itself; the task is to see that it does not.

JOHN FREEMAN

A Very Reticent Report

(By a Special Correspondent)

THE Trustees of the Tate Gallery have produced a Report. A handsome publication, with very attractive illustrations, it would be all that anyone could want, if it were the Report of an institution which had not recently been under heavy fire. Positively and constructively, everyone interested in the care and presentation of pictures in this country will be glad that it contains an impressive catalogue of Tate acquisitions during the last fifteen years, and that it gives encouraging information about the future plans and aspirations of the Trustees. At the same time, the public will be astonished that nothing at all has been said about questions and criticisms raised in several Parliamentary debates, by articles in this and other journals, and, most of all, by the dramatic protest of Mr. Graham Sutherland, one of England's foremost painters and, at the time of his resignation, the Senior Trustee of the Tate. Somewhat naively, perhaps, the *Manchester Guardian* suggested the other day that this Report would explain why the Director and the Trustees had not taken seriously any of the criticisms of themselves. The *Guardian* will be disappointed. No explanation, indeed no reference to the chief criticisms, is made. This is not a case, as some people feared, of a bucket of whitewash; it is simply a blackout.

On the constructive side, the Trustees have taken the opportunity of referring to several improvements which they rightly regard as necessary, and for which they are pressing. In the past, they have been hampered by the limitation of the funds both for purchases and for establishment; now they are able to record a welcome increase during the last financial year in the Grant-in-Aid for acquisitions. On the establishment side, some changes appear to have occurred recently; the Treasury seems to have accepted more financial responsibility without, apparently, expecting any increase in the number of Gallery staff. The Trustees also seek improvements in special Gallery lighting, in the library, and in the restoration of pictures. (It is not clear whether a permanent restorer, indispensable in so extensive a collection, is to be appointed.) It is to be hoped, too, that the Trustees will continue to keep in mind the provision of student facilities in the reserve collection. But their most important proposal is for the erection of a Gallery for temporary Exhibitions on the adjacent site. This deserves every encouragement. London, they point out, has no equivalent of the Paris Orangerie. This has long been a standing reproach. As a makeshift, the Trustees have allowed Gallery space, intended for the permanent collections, to be used for temporary Exhibitions. The present Cézanne Exhibition is a fine example. These have been deservedly popular, but it is good that the Trustees realise that, on a long-term basis, this is a misuse of the Tate, and that separate accommodation for special Exhibitions is essential.

The Report also contains a scholarly catalogue of last year's acquisitions, and a quantity of useful statistical information. From the list of works added in the past sixteen years it appears that a serious effort has been made to straighten out the chaos resulting from a strangely unbusinesslike system of recording new acquisitions. The Trustees have also met a minor criticism made earlier this year that due credit has not been given to the organisers of each Exhibition. The Arts Council is very properly given a special bouquet. In this, and in some other points, critics both outside and within the Gallery (some of whom, significantly, are no longer on the staff) may feel that their protests have not been wholly without effect.

So much for the positive merits of the Report. Contemplating them, a casual reader might forget that the decision to issue a Report at all was the result of some unsatisfactory features of the Gallery. For years the Tate has been internally an unhappy place. That has been proved by a succession of incidents to which there are many angry or aggrieved witnesses. It was long ago decided —or so one must assume—that the best course was to gloss over these recurrent incidents in the hope that matters would improve. Adherence to this policy, which appears to have come from the Treasury rather than from any other source, has led to a complexity of interdependent moral and personal problems which were certainly never envisaged at the outset.

One result of this policy has been what can only be described as a quality of evasion in most replies to queries about the Tate. Many examples could be quoted. When serious irregularities were admitted in the Trustees' allocation of funds at their disposal, the Chairman wrote an explanatory letter to *The Times* (December 22, 1953) which was so inadequate that, a few days later, he was compelled to write a second, amended version, this time described as a "full" explanation! Again there is an odd discrepancy between the accounts given about the rectification of these Trust Fund irregularities in the White Paper of February and in the present Report. In the first document we were told that the funds concerned had been reimbursed from the resources at the Trustees' disposal; now it is admitted that one of the misapplications, amounting to £1,000, had not, at that time, been rectified, and that the Trustees had then been compelled "to borrow temporarily from their bankers" to the tune of something like £5,000 in—surely a very irregular—anticipation of the next Grant-in-Aid. I cannot think of any other public institution in which there is the same lack of plain speaking when a serious error has admittedly been made.

For similar reasons, presumably, the Report does not refer to the strange affair of the Degas bronze (which, in the absence of clarification, is taking on the dimensions of a first-class detective mystery in the minds of many people). It hushes up the case of the improper allocation of the sale of paper in the Publications Department though, in that matter, the Treasury (in October, 1949) was both precise and forthright in its findings. It would surely have been only decent to put on record the fact that these findings did credit to a member of the staff to whom justice has been long denied. Finally, is the public really expected to be content that no reply of any sort should be made to Mr. Sutherland's criticisms?

The Report contains a list of twenty-two senior staff who have been employed at the Gallery between 1938 and March, 1954. It confirms the statement made in this journal (August 28) about the eleven members of the senior administrative staff who have left the Tate since 1940. We can now add that three members of the staff mentioned in the list as employed in March, 1953, have left the Gallery since that date. Many of these fourteen departures (out of a total of 22 employed) have involved unhappy, complex and exasperating stories. They justify an authority who recently said, on the basis of intimate knowledge of the Tate, that the Gallery had long suffered from a deep-seated psychological malaise. Perhaps the Report should include a recommendation to the Treasury for the permanent appointment of a resident psychiatrist.

Children's Fund

IN emergencies as different in origin as the movement of refugees from North to South in Viet Nam or the floods in East Pakistan and Behar, the U.N. Children's Fund has proved itself an effective shield against hunger and disease. Yet first-aid work in such emergencies is, in spite of the scale of the disasters, almost the least of the activities of Unicef. Its role today is to see that the children of this generation shall have a better chance of well-being and well-doing than their parents had. If, as Arnold Toynbee has suggested, the Twentieth Century is remembered not as the age of Cold War and the H-Bomb, but as the era in which human society first dared to think of welfare for the whole human race as a practical objective, then Unicef will figure honourably in the record. It has already touched and transformed the lives of millions; and the fact that so few people in this country know of the fine work which is being done by this and other U.N. agencies is a grim comment on the news values of our times.

The beneficiaries know better. They know the pennant of Unicef on the jeeps and lorries which make seemingly impossible forays into remote places, to succour the sick and the hungry. I recall a village in the recesses of the mountains of Central Java, which I visited with a Yaws team. We were greeted as deliverers, for Yaws is a dreadful disease, from which six in every ten people in this district suffered. While the doctors and male nurses were treating cases, I asked the assembled villagers whether they have ever heard of the United Nations. They had not. Nor of the Good Offices Commission which had intervened in the armed conflict with the Dutch and had given Indonesia its freedom. But in the discussion three phrases came through, in English, because they had no words for them, apparently in their own language. One was "Atlantic Charter," the other was "Atom bomb" and the third "Unicef." And Unicef was something which had come to confirm the first and make amends for the second.

Yaws is a contagion which enters through cuts and bruises; and when you work with bare feet in the paddy-fields or climb coconut palms or get bitten by flies, there are plenty of cuts. *One injection of penicillin now cures Yaws.* Within 24 hours, the "magic" begins to work and within ten days the grotesque sores are healing or have disappeared. Patients who actually crawl to the improvised clinics to receive the injections are, within a fortnight, walking and skipping. The figures in this campaign are stupendous. By the end of this year, in Asia, 26 million people will have been examined and 2.5 million treated. In Indonesia, 100,000 cases are being cured every month; in Thailand, about 37,000. Similar campaigns are going on in India, in the Philippines, Haiti, Bechuanaland, Liberia, Nigeria, Malaya, Fiji and Samoa.

Or consider the "quiet killer," tuberculosis, of which half a million Indians die every year. Unicef supplies the B.C.G. vaccine. This is a protective measure, no more. By inoculation it is possible to safeguard those who have not, even mildly, contracted the disease. The number of people being tested in India, at this moment, is 1.7 millions a month. Since the begining of the B.C.G. campaign 50 millions have been tested and about 20 millions vaccinated. This campaign is also going on in the Eastern Mediterranean, Africa, and Latin America, and is being supported by systematic instruction on sanitary precautions.

Behind all the measures to check disease and improve nutrition is the Unicef "mother and child" welfare campaign which is opening clinics all over the world, training nurses and midwives and, in the process, playing an enormous part in the emancipation of women. Unicef is the United Nations in action. It is a supply agency, supported in part by contributions from Governments but also by voluntary funds. It is the only U.N. activity to which the individual can contribute other than as a taxpayer. And the British people during the coming month are being given an opportunity to do so, in a nation-wide, house-to-house collection organised by the United Nations Association.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

MR. MICHAEL CURTIS becomes editor of the *News Chronicle* at a critical period in the paper's history. His appointment calls a halt to the recent tendency of the proprietors to choose editorial staff from outside, notably from the *Daily Express*. The result is that readers who respected, and, indeed, had a deep loyalty to the *News Chronicle*, have tended to look elsewhere, while people who prefer the *Daily Express* type of news presentation naturally prefer the *Express*. The most certainly true of all Fleet Street lessons is that an established paper changes its essential character at its peril. The *News Chronicle*, for instance, was particularly valued for its foreign service and its idealistic attitude to international affairs. In no case can it compete with the mass circulations of the *Daily Mirror* or the *Daily Express*. Their influence depends mainly on mass suggestion and their circulations are now more than three times that of the *News Chronicle*. If the proprietors of the *Chronicle* let that bother them, they are sunk. Why should it? The sensible policy for a paper so placed is to make up its mind to accept a circulation figure on which it will not be losing money and then rebuild its reputation on that basis. C. P. Scott, to cite the classical instance, was content with a circulation which, for a daily paper, was tiny—it once fell, I believe, to below 50,000, but today it is about 150,000. Yet the *Manchester Guardian* survives, with undiminished influence.

* * *

Examples of the opposite and usually disastrous policy are numerous. There was a time, some years ago, when *Picture Post* was a paper of social importance. Now we know it only as one of the competing illustrated magazines. I suppose that Edward Hulton was afraid, not that his paper would not survive, but that *Illustrated* would be bigger. The most famous case was that of the *Westminster Gazette*, which, as an evening paper, always lost money, but was read by everyone who counted in politics. Lord Cowdray, the oil magnate, changed it to a morning paper, with fatal results. The most remarkable example of sticking to a tradition and succeeding is the *Daily Telegraph*, which makes, it sometimes seems, a positive merit of dullness. But there it is, with an excellent news coverage, careful, Conservative and unsensational. Its circulation has risen to over a million—a very large figure for a twopenny "class" newspaper. That, surely, is the real lesson for the *News Chronicle*; one would like to see it steadily becoming the progressive *Daily Telegraph*. Like other newspapers, it will have to make up its mind quickly on matters of this kind because, they tell me, in a few months newsprint may be unrestricted and hell break out in Fleet Street.

The next Labour Government is pledged to abolish pay-beds in hospitals. This will create a storm of opposition among the consultants directly they realise that the Labour Party is in earnest about it. True, there are only some 5,000 of these beds, but they enable consultants to increase both their incomes and their patronage enormously. How often is the unfortunate patient now told "I'm sorry. If you want it under the Health Service, little Tommy must wait a year for his tonsils operation. Of course, I can get him into one of my own beds next week if you are ready to pay for the operation as well as the bed." There is no doubt that this perquisite now enjoyed by consultants is being abused all over the country. To transform the paying sections of our hospitals into amenity wards will be a reform which does away with one of the few indefensible features of the Health Service.

* * *

If, last week, I'd been asked about Moscow's attitude to science fiction, I suppose I should have said "Against it," on the grounds that Venus and social realism—or Marxians and Martians?—hardly go together. But now my hunch is confirmed by an article by Vl. Rubin in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* for June 3, of which I have just been shown a translation. The piece is called *Gangsters in Interplanetary Space*, and is illustrated by a cartoon showing a heavily armed and vicious looking American soldier on a sphere labelled "Base Mars" hurling atomic bombs at another labelled "Uranus." After some hard cracks at these "American traffickers in culture" Vl. Rubin quotes very approvingly from Professor Lovell's *Counterblast to Science Fiction* which appeared in our Spring Books Number. Then, rather startlingly, he goes on to remark that "these observations of Lovell were sufficient for him to become the subject of violent attacks. . . . In the journal's very next issue there was a roar at him in the form of a 'letter to the editor' signed by a certain R. Conquest." Turning up Mr. Conquest's letter in the files, I found it a bit short of the "thunder and lightning" which the *Gazeta* ascribed to it, nor did it strike me at all like "rude shouting in the manner of American sheriffs." I am on Professor Lovell's—and the Moscow—side in the science fiction controversy, but I must record that when shown the article, Mr. Conquest was no less entertained than his sparring partner.

* * *

How long is a civil war? The Spanish War formally ended fifteen years ago. The other day, Franco, speaking as the head of a country which is a member of Unesco, and a partner of the U.S., talked about the end of civil strife and the brotherhood of all Spaniards. He did not mention two political trials now taking place, one against nineteen Catalan Freemasons, and the second against Jose Sendros and thirty-seven other Socialists. Freemasonry was outlawed in Spain in May, 1939. The prosecution is asking for sentences of twelve to thirty years for the crime of having attempted to form a masonic lodge in Barcelona. The accused men have been in prison since November, 1952; they are to be court-martialled next Sunday. As for Jose Sendros and his companions, they were arrested in November, 1949, and kept in prison until their trial in March, 1953. Due largely to the presence of British legal observers, the maximum sentence awarded was of only four years in prison. As most of the sentences had already been served while awaiting trial, the Socialists were soon released. But last July, Sendros and his companions were re-arrested, and imprisoned in the Prision Celular de Barcelona. They were then awarded "revised" sentences. Five of them, including Sendros, received sentences of twenty years in prison, fourteen received between ten and eighteen years, and the rest between eight and one year. The second arrest was without any explanation and the sentences were awarded without re-trial.

* * *

"Tempest, earthquake, archaeological discovery, and other unforeseen and unavoidable calamity—" you can almost see the new clause in building contractors' insurance policies. I suppose everyone approves the decision to preserve the Walbrook temple of Mithras on an adjacent site, and most of us have taken vicarious part in the excitement of digging away the crust of eighteen centuries. But London within the Roman walls stands on a continuous mass of Roman and earlier remains, and it would be interesting to know how many excavating contractors have hurriedly covered up what they have found. Even when they find human bones in an ancient burial ground, I'm told they often hurriedly bury them again to avoid the delay of a coroner's inquest. A national inquest (with queues of five thousand sightseers a day) on every *atrium* or marble bust would add a new hazard to rebuilding operations. I had the odd experience of being shown round the Walbrook site during "non-public" hours by one of its less archaeological guardians, who was only mildly and tolerantly enthusiastic. "Can't see as it's much to look at," he said. "There's where the ole altar was. That's the ole well. Them stone rings is where the ole columns stood. They tell me the ole priest used to work in there, slaughterin' the ole bull. Makes yer think. And then the ole Christianity come along, see, and scrubbed it all out." There's more than a tinge of affectionate archaeology in the universal Cockney "ole."

* * *

There have been some odd pieces of political propaganda in the form of postage stamps. The latest example is brilliant. The Greeks have produced a stamp which is a facsimile, in English, of part of the Parliamentary debate on Cyprus, on which there appears a large ink-blot! There are intriguing possibilities in this technique. Perhaps as the next step in the present campaign for peaceful co-existence, Mr. Dulles will be confronted with a Soviet stamp showing members of the Dynamo Club practising baseball.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Joey, the two-year-old talking budgerigar who broadcasts with "The Archers," has received B.B.C. permission to open a church fete.—*Daily Mirror*. (R. A. Dickson.)

As the National Anthem was being played on the radio in honour of the Queen Mother's birthday, my eight-month-old daughter stood up in her playpen for the first time.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (G. S. Burton.)

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the prostitute meets with more social approval and finds it easier to succeed in life than does the woman engineer or barrister.—*Plan*. (Joyce Longley.)

The 600-year-old St. Nicholas Church, Colchester, closed by the Church authorities, was sold for £88,000 by auction yesterday to solicitors acting for a client whose name was not revealed. A condition is that the site may not be used for a fish and chip shop.—*Daily Telegraph*. (David C. Young.)

Captain Black said that —— could not adapt himself to Army life and added: "He is not a bad boy but just a silly boy who wants to be at home."—*Star*. (Peter Alexinas.)

From Vicky's Conservative Sketchbook

Salisbury *Macmillan* *Lloyd-George*
Miss Horsbrugh *Woolton*

UNDERMINED

We live in a lawless age, and "filthy literature" causes a great deal of crime and immorality, said Mr. Frank Powell, the Clerkenwell magistrate, last night. He felt that some people, especially young people who were born into the Welfare State, had their characters undermined by the amenities provided for them from their earliest days.
Manchester Guardian, October 2.

Where once the Fleet translucent flowed,
Upon its bank a Briton
(True blue in politics and woad,
With blue behind to sit on)
Would shake his head and contemplate
The dangers of a Welfare State.

Up Walbrook came the Roman ships
With *panis* and *circenses*,
Lictors, with Latin tags and whips,
And Future Perfect tenses;
They made the Natives conjugate
Res publica—the Welfare State.

The *Zeitgeist* of the Saxon thanes
With *Angst* (which is Teutonic)
In *Volkshochschule*, with the Danes,
Developed something chronic;
The cakes were burnt in Alfred's Grate
What time he planned the Welfare State.

Normans and Angevins essayed
By blood and bluff and barter;
They worked it out on some crusade
And called the thing a Charter;
At Runnymede they made a date
To rubber-stamp their Welfare State.

The Poor Law and the Workusses,
Like Lewis Carroll's porpoise,
With further bread and circusses
Followed on *habeas corpus*,
Till Poplar Guardians could not wait
To *implement* this Welfare State.

With all its care for sick and old
The kindly State now ladles
Pornography—so I am told—
To infants in their cradles. . .
(That Ancient British magistrate
Was right about the Welfare State.)

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Intent and the Law

TWO recent articles in successive issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, one on children's comics and the other on the position of publishers, have raised the basic issues involved in the present much-discussed question of obscenity and the law. The first illustrated the importance of society's not being unnecessarily exposed to corrupting influences, the second underlined the necessity of a free and flourishing literature. The role of the law is to reconcile these competing interests in a reasonable manner. How far has it succeeded? A law which defines obscenity as 'anything tending to corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences"; which at different times has banned as obscene such books as Emile Zola's *La Terre*, Havelock Ellis's *Sexual Inversion*, D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, and Boccaccio's *Decameron*; which in recent months has been the cause of prosecutions against publishers of the highest integrity; and which confers an apparent immunity on degrading comics intended specifically for reading by children and adolescents, cannot claim to have been strikingly successful.

Blame for this regrettable state of affairs must be apportioned between a judiciary who have laid down an impossibly broad definition of obscenity, capable of embracing everything from the Bible to James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and an executive whose repressive policy, exercised through the Director of Public Prosecutions, has only been made tolerable by its haphazard inefficiency. The root cause of the difficulty lies in the Cockburn definition, with its rigid exclusion of intention.

Ever since Hicklin's case in 1863, this has been followed by the judges, Mr. Justice Stable always excepted, with a reverence normally accorded only to the words of a statute. I am prepared to argue that this exclusion of intention is not only opposed to the spirit of the common law, but in view of Fox's Libel Act of 1792, is directly contrary to statute.

"It is a principle of natural justice and our law," said Lord Kenyon, "that *actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*. The intent and the act must both concur to constitute the crime." This proposition with regard to the common law has never been successfully challenged. Only two states of mind constitute *mens rea*: intention, or full advertence to the act and its consequences, together with a desire for those consequences; and recklessness, which signifies advertence to consequences but a disregard as to whether or not they will ensue. Negligence, which here is equated with inadvertence, has never grounded criminal liability. The single exception to this rule appears to be the offence of publishing an obscene libel, and such a startling anomaly requires explanation. If, however, the history of the matter is examined, no better authority can be found than the dictum of Lord Justice Cockburn in the Hicklin case. His conclusion that "intention" was not an essential ingredient of the crime was unwarranted by any previous case or by contemporary legal practice. At that time, and indeed as late as 1906, all indictments for obscenity contained an averment that publication took place with an intent to corrupt public morals. Apart from this, the Libel Act of 1792 expressly provides that in the trial of "any libel," the whole matter in issue on the indictment must be left to the jury, making it a question of fact whether a libel was published with a criminal intent. The point is clinched if one examines the two other offences of blasphemy and sedition, which, with obscenity, make up the trilogy of public libels. Since the Libel Act it has never been doubted that intention must be proved in both these cases. No possible justification in law can be found for making an exception of obscene libel.

Faced with this overwhelming evidence, some explanation must be found of how a judge of Cockburn's eminence could have been guilty of this curious aberration. A clue may perhaps be found in the circumstances of the Hicklin prosecution. Hicklin was proceeded against, not at common law, but under the recently passed Obscene Publications Act of 1857. This Act, which its sponsor Lord Campbell declared was "intended exclusively to apply to works written for the purpose of corrupting the morals of youth," is an example of preventive law, creating no new punishable offence but empowering magistrates to seize and destroy those works whose publication would, in their opinion, amount to a misdemeanour. The question of whether a common law misdemeanour has been committed becomes thus an academic one, which has to be decided only for the purpose of grounding jurisdiction. Thus the mind of the judge was only indirectly concerned with the question of *mens rea*, since whatever the outcome of the case the accused could not have gone to prison. Furthermore he may well have brought to bear considerations appropriate not to common law but to statute, since the principle of *mens rea* for statutory offences is not as well established as at common law. Lastly, it is clear from his judgment that Lord Cockburn used the terms "motive" and "intention" as if they were synonymous and undoubtedly was misled by his own looseness of language. "Intention" means that a man is consciously following conduct designed to bring about a certain event, while "motive" indicates the reason why he tries to bring it about. Just as intention is relevant, motive is irrelevant in the operation of criminal law.

Most of the evils of the present law flow from this rigid exclusion of intention. Once obscenity is defined as matter "tending to deprave and corrupt" it can no longer be suggested that literary merit should be a defence. Well written obscenity is obviously more corrupting than the badly written variety, and in the present state of the law, the Swindon magistrates were only being logical in condemning the *Decameron* as high-class pornography. Again the exclusion of intention explains why no evidence of the opinion of literary critics, the reputation of the publisher or the standing of the author is admissible in these cases. Without intention such evidence is clearly irrelevant.

The law then on its own premises is logical, but this makes it more not less unsatisfactory. What then is the solution? Apart from the rejection of the Cockburn formula by a higher court, unlikely because of its long standing, the only remedy is legislation. This was proposed as far back as 1908 by a Parliamentary commission, whose proposals on this subject have been not only ignored but forgotten. Such an act might well follow the example of the 1923 International Convention on Obscene Publications and give up the fruitless task of attempting to define obscenity. Any objective test of obscenity is in effect impossible, since the word embodies the essentially subjective conception of the reaction of the individual mind to a particular object of experience. What can, however, be defined is the offence of publishing matter for the sole purpose of gain by exciting sexual passions, and thus corrupting public morals. Much would still depend on the good sense of judges and juries, but this is an essential prerequisite for the successful working of any branch of the criminal law. The way would then be opened for the adoption by our courts of the sane and sensible test proposed by Mr. Justice Hand of the United States Appeal Court when he lifted the ban on *Ulysses*: "We believe that the proper test of whether a book is obscene is in its dominant effect. In applying this test, relevancy of the objectionable parts to the theme, the established reputation of the work in the estimation of approved critics if the book is modern, and the verdict of the past if it is ancient, are persuasive pieces of evidence, for works of art are not likely to sustain a high position with no better warrant for their existence than their obscene content."

Two problems remain. First, should a separate offence of "obscenity without intent to corrupt" be created to cover the case of a reputable firm accidentally publishing indecent matter? Such a proposal must, I think, be rejected since it would undo much of the liberalising of the law achieved by the proposed new formulation. There are limits to the protection which can or should be afforded to society from the effects of indecent literature; sterilisation has its own dangers, and the principle of inoculation is not confined to medical practice. The proposed law would punish the pedlars of dirty books: it would give the police a sufficient weapon to clear pornography from the back streets of our cities, and prevent its appearance on the principal thoroughfares; and that is enough. If necessary, the Indian penal code might be followed and an

additional penalty provided for selling such books to children.

What action, then, should be taken over children's comics? It should not be beyond the wit of magistrates to include these within either the present or proposed definitions of obscenity; but such is the gravity of this problem that a special provision might be incorporated in the Act. This infection has come primarily from the United States, and we might follow the example of Canada, which is geographically more exposed to this influence than ourselves. The Canadian Penal Code, which came into force in April of this year, makes it an offence to publish, or have in one's possession with the intent of publishing, any "crime comic." The Act itself defines this term: Crime comic means a magazine, periodical or book, that exclusively or substantially comprises matter depicting pictorially (a) the commission of crimes, real or fictitious, or (b) events connected with the commission of crimes, real or fictitious, whether occurring before or after the commission of the crime." The loss of any sort of crime comic, good or bad, seems a small price to pay for the protection of our children from corruption.

N. St. John-Stevas

Teruel is a Hole

In December, 1937, the Spanish Republican Army captured Teruel, probably its greatest offensive success. The town was soon recaptured by Franco's forces and largely destroyed by bombardment. That is about the best-known fact about Southern Aragon, a region which has few stars in any guidebook. Few travellers visit it except in transit between Valencia and Zaragoza. It is virtually inaccessible from East and West. There are few more desolate regions in Spain and scarcely any more thinly populated (16 inhabitants per square kilometre), though social conditions are not among the worst.

One leaves the irrigated coastal plain of Castellon with its orange-groves, prosperous by Spanish standards, for the olive- and fig-covered hills. The road climbs into the mountains of the *Maestrazgo*, where wheat and potatoes are grown on thin slivers of fields, six or eight feet wide, terraced out of the steep slopes. This is the country of distant bunched-up settlements, great white homesteads and isolation; Ares del Maestre, Iglesuela del Cid, Cantavieja. The mules are good, the men, roundheaded and squarefaced, no longer talk Valencian but Castilian and are dressed in black or black and white: black velvet trousers and jackets, black blouses, white shirts and canvas shoes, with black waistcoats, black berets pulled well forward over the forehead. The earth, orange and ochre-coloured on the Mediterranean side, has become grey. The houses look a little alpine.

Beyond Fortanete and Villaroya even hill-farming ends. A bare yellow country with small green patches. The stones will not even grow maquis. By Spanish standards it is rough pasture, by English ones not even that. The last thirty miles to Teruel are naked mountain and scree. There are no trees, no shelter, no water and no men or animals. This September it had not rained in the province for four months, but the battle of Teruel was fought in three feet of snow, for in winter this part is very cold.

The town of Teruel with its Moorish church-towers, a dusty walled citadel surrounded by mangey suburbs, leans against an orange range of clay hills. It has about 20,000 inhabitants, mostly officials and policemen (for it is a provincial capital) clergy (for it has a bishop), shopkeepers (for it is a market for the desolation around it) and

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builders (for it is a "*region devastada*"). At least the abnormally large amount of building which goes on is theoretically supposed to repair the war-damage of 1937-8. Much of it demonstrably does not, which is only natural since civil servants are underpaid. However, the tidy cave-dwellers still live in the clay slopes outside the wall.

"These," said the young official, "are girls I knew when I was in Santander. This one was French, but born Spanish. This one was Argentine. These two were English. That was the place to be. Teruel is a hole."

Nothing could be more obvious. The town has one cinema and about one bullfight a year. There is talk of a football club, but there is none yet. In winter there is a weekly dance. This summer the Compañia de Dramas y Comedias of Pepe Escribano has put up its tent for a season on the Ronda. "Of course," said the young official, "they can't learn their lines properly, because they do about ninety plays in the season. Still, they are quite good and we all go." Price two pesetas at the side, three in the pit, performances at 8 and 11. That night they played a *grandioso drama* in three acts which we watched, munching almonds and peanuts, and they galloped through in eighty-five minutes as the house was poor. The set was red plush furniture and curtains, high society, nothing less than evening dress or smoking jacket. The drama was a little hard to follow because of the trucks outside. A mature woman (her entrance accompanied by thoughtfully pre-recorded applause) wept frequently and showed emotion. An old gentleman (riding breeches) had told his daughter never to darken the door again. A Woman came out of the Past. Boy met, lost and found girl in evening dress. An angelic nun put it all right in the end and also collected for an orphan home (in the play). Some of the younger members of the public were not wholly carried away. The peasant beside me, who had come into town for the market, said "They're all right"; then, scratching his gnarled head, "I've seen better." We went out.

"What am I doing here?" said the young official. "I'm a bureaucrat, that's what I am. I file things. You know the joke about the man who told his clerk: classify these files in alphabetical order and then burn them? Is it right that there should be officials earning less than 20 pesetas a day while big shots in the service get hundreds of thousands a year? We get posted from town to town and have to pay rack-rents everywhere, unless we're lucky. We have to live as we can and make what we can. Not that our work was important." He said something I couldn't follow until I realised that it was the Spanish for "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark." He was not going to the office again that afternoon. If anything was on, they'd fetch him at the café. What would he do that night? He supposed the same as always. "Take a young lady for a stroll round the paseo, meet some friends, have some coffee. Do you realise there was a German who came here before the war once and said if we exploited all the minerals in the province properly it could maintain twenty million people? (It has maintained a quarter of a million since 1900, rather less today.) At least, so I've been told. Spain's a bad country." On the small triangular town square the men—but fewer girls—strolled up and down, and again up and down. Along the wall by the bus-stop and the market the peasants stood around in black groups or drove slowly into and out of the naked countryside in their carts.

"The daily wage is low here," said the elderly looking man on the train. "That's the trouble. How much is a miner paid in England? That's a lot. Our basic rate in the iron mines is 13.50 pesetas (about 2*s.* 5*d.*) a day, though I make about 26, what with children and various extras. Is there any chance of work in the mines in England? But what could we do about the low wages except get away? Yes, I'm from the district, most of us are. No, I've never been anywhere else."

The small rosy-faced old man said: "I bet my son lives farther away from here than you do even. He's in Caracas, Venezuela. No, he doesn't have to worry about wages, he's a *religioso*. They have Communism, they put it all together and everyone draws out enough to live by. Things are not good. I'm a roadman. I can remember Primo de Rivera's day. We use to get four pesetas a day, then the Republic gave us six. Well, I had a wife and small children to bring up then. Now my wife is dead, two of the boys work and the other has studied, as I told you. Now I work only for myself and get 16.70. Well, I can tell you I did better under Primo de Rivera for the whole family on four than I do now for myself on 16.70." Since the cost of food and clothing in the province has gone up 7½ times since 1936 (official figures) this is entirely likely.

His companion was a tough-looking big man: black throughout except for the dark-brown face and hands, with long sidewhiskers. "I'm a peasant, a poor peasant. Things were better before the war. They all go away to look for work and decent pay, to Zaragoza and Barcelona, anywhere."

"And why don't you?"

The little old man said: "Not that chap. He was born in Villareal, he wants to die in Villareal. Besides, his land is there."

"They go away," said the black peasant, "but very few come back. That's because *all* other countries are better than Spain."

A gentleman from Zaragoza, who was feeding sandwiches to his little boy, said: "You're quite wrong. Spain's the most advanced country in the world. Wait for twenty-five years and you'll see."

"Ours is a rich country and the people are hard workers," said the black peasant. "Do you know what's wrong with it? They send everything abroad. Corn and building materials and everything that we need is sent abroad. Then there's money. A few earn a lot, but all the rest earn practically nothing and how do you expect money to circulate, because the rich can't spend it all?"

A commercial traveller from Valencia nodded his head.

"I'm getting weak now," said the black peasant. "Before the war I could lift one and a half hundredweight of wheat. Now I can't manage more than three-quarters. It's not getting the food, that's what it is."

I asked whether he had been in the war. He opened his shirt, showing a delicate and milk-white chest and shoulder, never exposed to the sun, and a scar. "The bullet went right out at the back. It gives me rheumatics now."

Where had he got it?

"In Teruel."

On what side?

"The *Nacionales*."

The black peasant and the commercial traveller talked on about the war. Wars are bad things. Many had been killed. Hereabouts in Caminreal there had been brothers on different sides. The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps the wrong lot won." He and the old roadman got out at some village.

Outside Zaragoza station I overheard a fellow-traveller from Teruel explaining something to a townsman who'd come to meet her. "Well you see," she said, "when a peasant hasn't any draught animals to do the ploughing, it is very difficult." Then the tram came.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The New Statesman and Nation, October 9, 1954

So They Say . . .

AT the *Tribune* meeting at Scarborough, Mr. Bevan prefaced his attack on the union and party leaders by a criticism of "the capitalist press." Its immediate cause—and main target—was the *Manchester Guardian*, which, on the day the Labour Conference began, had published a leading article that was the climax to many months of personal abuse of Mr. Bevan and Bevanism. It would matter nothing to him, it wrote on September 27, that he could succeed

> . . . only by exploiting pacifist sentimentalism, pro-Communism, anti-Americanism and crude anti-Germanism—an alliance of hysterias. . . . Power is his aim. . . . The Bevanite resolution is merely an outbreak of hysteria which would make the Labour Party the laughing stock of the world.

On Thursday morning, it printed a verbatim report of Mr. Bevan's attack of the evening before, and returned, both in its news columns and its editorials, to the battle of denunciations, declaring on Friday that Mr. Bevan was "a symbol of the untrustworthiness and unfitness of the party to govern." On Wednesday this week, it published a selection of letters supporting Mr. Bevan. The *Daily Herald*, incidentally, had already "sympathised" with Mr. Bevan when he "protested fiercely against malicious attacks," though it reproved him for assailing trade union leaders.

Other national newspapers, which passed over Mr. Bevan's criticism of the press, naturally concentrated on his sensational declaration of war on the party leadership—excellent copy to fill the void left when the Conference moved from the excitement of the German debate to more prosaic matters. The *Daily Telegraph* gave a balanced summary of the Wednesday speech on its Thursday front page, as well as the longest and most accurate report of the speech in its news columns. The *News Chronicle*, recalling that it had often denounced Bevanite policies as "harmful," published a leading article on Friday which said that since Mr. Bevan

> . . . has accepted the political penalties of leaving the National Executive, he ought not to be denied the rewards. Any talk of party punishment will be unwise. . . . The instinct of most people will be to look with suspicion upon anyone who sets out to extend the disciplines of free speech.

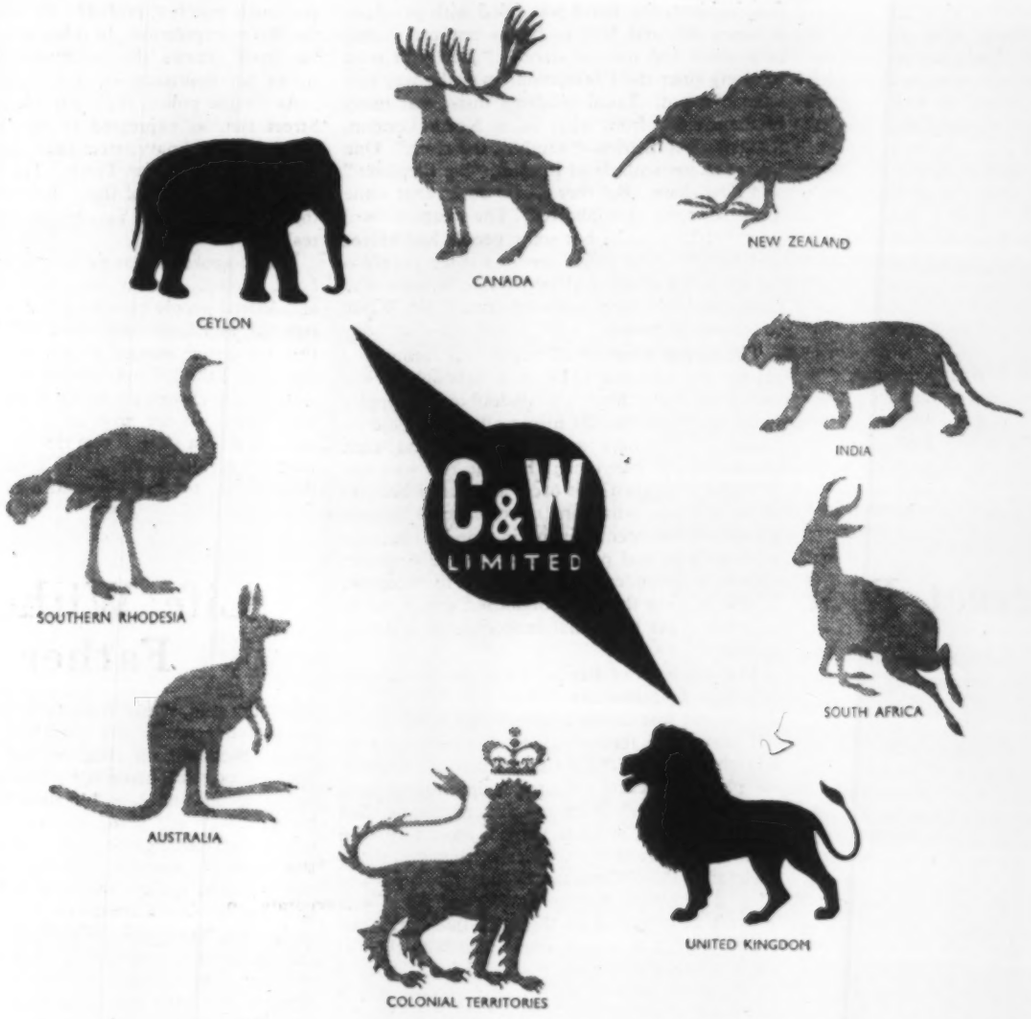
This plea for a fair fight was echoed on Sunday by the political correspondent of the *Observer*, who remarked that Mr. Bevan "has a perfect right to put his point of view. He may be mistaken, but if he believes that the leadership has taken the wrong turning, this is a serious matter and should be seriously discussed."

The *Daily Mail* ("Political Suicide"), the *Daily Express* ("Bevan Is Sent To The Doghouse") and, at the weekend, the *Spectator* ("The End Of Bevanism"), all agreed with the trade union leaders who thought Mr. Bevan would now destroy himself, and with *The Times*, which had written on Wednesday, after the German vote, that

> The time may be nearer than seems apparent on the surface when the Bevanite chapter in the story of the Labour Party may be closed.

Cassandra, writing in the *Daily Mirror* on Friday, closed his elaborate comparison of the Conference to an aeroplane ride with the announcement that Mr. Bevan had jumped out of the door without a parachute. The same day, the *Mirror*, which had given very full and effective coverage of the Conference, wrote a stiff editorial headed "All Out Of Step Except Aneurin," which insisted that "only mugs would be impressed by his wild speech at Scarborough."

A different conclusion was reached by the *Mirror's* commentator, William Greig, whose care-



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ful assessment of the situation after the *Tribune* meeting stated that "many who are not so friendly disposed to Bevan are quick to point out that there was much common sense in the speech which the Party leaders would do well to note." Candidus, in the *Sketch*, thought the *Tribune* speech "spectacularly good," asserted that the German vote was "a moral victory for Nye Bevan," and concluded that "his personal prestige is on the up and up." The *Sunday Times*, weighing Mr. Bevan's prospects in what the *Daily Worker* called "Drive for Better Leadership," thought that "the odds against him are strong, but not impossible to defeat".

On Wednesday morning, *The Times* had suggested that Labour might gain from the emergence of "a genuine Left Wing not depending on Mr. Bevan's idiosyncratic view of his own importance"; on Saturday it returned to this theme. It was now sure that "a strong Left wing has emerged in the Party which at all levels feels itself strong enough to dispense with Mr. Bevan's guidance."

QUEEQUEG

Baynes Street Riot

ON an August Sunday night, a group of White rioters set fire to a house occupied by coloured people in Camden Town. The following night they tried to repeat the experiment in a nearby street. Were they stray incidents? To find out, in recent weeks I have questioned people in the district. As a result of this investigation, I believe that an ugly situation is developing.

The first riot was the more serious. It began on a Friday night in Baynes Street, Camden Town, when a coloured West Indian became drunk. There was a brawl and a scuffle. Then, from a nearby coffee stall, a number of young Whites rushed to the street. They smashed the windows of a house where the West Indian was staying, lifted up a large car belonging to a coloured American soldier who was visiting the house, and carried it down a slope, apparently with the intention of throwing it into a canal. A corrugated iron fence prevented them from doing so and instead they smashed up the car with bottles and other weapons. A number of coloured men, and a White man who was involved with the drunk before the riot began, were beaten up.

The following day the street was filled with youths looking for trouble. Several coloured people, including at least one who was in no way associated with Baynes Street and who was passing through the district by chance, were attacked and severely injured. Then, on the Sunday, there was another clash in the early afternoon, just after the pubs had closed. Later that night, there was an explosion and the house where the coloured people had stayed burst into flames. White rioters had entered it despite a strong police force on duty in the street, had smashed up all the furniture, pulled down the lights and jumped on them, had mixed business with pleasure by pulling the gas meter out of its fittings (they went off with the money in it) and had then exploded what is known in the district as a petrol bomb. The fire brigade put out the fire before much damage was done. The bomb thrown the following night was badly aimed, and burnt itself out in the street, outside another house with coloured tenants.

I have talked to many people who saw the Sunday riot, and to some who took part in it. Their stories support one another on the broad outlines. On the Saturday and Sunday, after the first incident, the street was filled with people—between 400 and 500, so far as one can judge, in a short and narrow street. "I haven't seen so many since the Coronation," was the way one woman put it. Local residents insist that many of them came from what is, in North London, that mystical district—"south of the river." One hears talk particularly of Brixton, "the Elephant" and Lewisham. But there is no doubt that some local lads were also involved. The weapons used were bottles mainly, but some people had knives and razors. The police arrested three people—the coloured drunk and two White women who had associated with coloured men. No White rioter was detained.

The house where it all began was frequented mainly by coloured G.I.s, and although it was not a brothel, there are undoubtedly happier bases on which racially mixed alliances could be founded. Uproars and scuffles around such residences are inevitable. But the riot was not. Why did it happen? It occurred chiefly because in the past year what can only be called a "colour problem" has been growing in London, because most people, and particularly the police, prefer either to misunderstand it or not to recognise it, and because there are organised groups ready to profit from the social innocence of ordinary people.

The residents of Baynes Street are proud that they have no colour bar. "This is a cosmopolitan district; we just couldn't have a colour bar here." "If they keep themselves to themselves, that's all right with us." "This isn't America." "There are plenty of decent coloured people round here, not like that lot." Such are the comments. But talk on and you discover there is more to it than that. "They're dirty, admittedly, but still that's their affair." "When they come into my shop, they do nothing but complain and ask for a quarter of a pound of this and that. It's not worth serving them." "Those girls with them—up at Clerkenwell every week, I'll bet." "Most of the gangs weren't from round here—but still you have to defend your own people, don't you?" And I was also given a lecture on how to manufacture a petrol bomb.

The local people are, in fact, only dimly conscious of their own colour prejudice and they are vaguely ashamed of it, but it exists and, as the riot showed, it is capable of flaring into something very ugly. A noisy drunk is not so unusual in Camden Town that a riot follows a disturbance automatically. The people responded to submerged feelings, and their anger was directed particulary at the White girls who associated with the coloured men. Now tempers have cooled off; but this sort of thing can, and probably will, happen again.

Since the war, the coloured population of Britain has increased by about 25,000. Most of the immigrants come from the West Indies, driven out by unemployment. When they arrive here, they encounter two bars: to finding a decent job and to finding a home. Prejudice in London against coloured people as tenants has reached shocking proportions and they also have trouble in getting work. Many of them are forced to live in what are developing as minor Harlems, often with coloured landlords. They frequently have to pay higher rents than White tenants would be charged, they suffer appalling conditions, and they find that they have neighbours who supplement the dole with pimping and similar activities. The combination of frustration of hopes of making a decent living in Britain (they have usually saved for years to buy a ticket) and of discomfort in overcrowded rooms forces some of them to turn to illegal activities—a disproportionate number, probably, by comparison with the White population. In other words, the colour bar itself creates the conditions in which the colour bar flourishes.

As for the police, their attitude to the Baynes Street riot, as expressed to me, was that this was just an ordinary street fight, such as one has frequently in Camden Town. The bomb? "Oh, there's no evidence of that. Just idle talk." But there *was* a fire? "Yes, bit of a mystery, that, really."

I have spoken to many people who heard the bomb explode. In any case, there were a number of coloured people beaten up but no White rioter arrested, as I have said. And while appreciating that the police needed a cup of tea after their exertions, I think it unfortunate that some of them should have chosen the house of one of the White participants in the row as a place of refreshment. I do not suggest that this was more than an unlucky accident—but could accident ever lead them to take tea in a coloured man's home?

DAVID ROSS

Life Without Father

MY aunt said, rather resentfully, that they could *never* understand my father's psychopathic streak, because as a child he had certainly had the best possible home life. She said it seemed rather peculiar to *them*, but there!—he had gone his own way and made his own life and there was no accounting for taste. My mother took this remark personally, and the eldest aunt was never invited again. She said, before she went, that Father was a beautiful child, with golden curls and enormous blue eyes, and had an endearing air of innocence. The other fourteen children fought *madly* to look after him, and some of the girls put off getting married until they were well on in their teens because they couldn't *bear* to abandon him to the housekeeper. *Nothing* was denied him, she said, and Grandfather had even instructed the village schoolmaster to give the angelic boy violin lessons (although he seldom practised if he could help it); there was absolutely *no* reason at all why he shouldn't have been in the business with Grandfather and the other boys . . . if only!

Father, apparently, had other ideas. Thoughtfully slipping Grandfather's cheque-book into his pocket, he had caught an early train to London and, having an unusually perceptive eye and an amazingly steady hand (he had an artistic temperament, they said), had forged his way to success in Grandfather's name at the Savoy for over a month. There was on hand at the time, luckily, a honeymooning aunt (the one with a Gracie Fields laugh) who was dispatched to the metropolis to bring back the delinquent. Grandfather would probably have assumed his sternest expression, but Father's shoes were almost soleless and full of cardboard, his stiff wing-collars were noticeably frayed and he had been forced, towards the end of his stay, to part with Grandfather's gold watch and cuff-links and studs; so they put it down to the fact that his mother had died when he was born and what he needed was some good, solid loving.

The next time he vanished, he ran out of hockables after a surprisingly short time and walked back to Devon in a pair of tennis shoes. The family, secretly proud of his athletic prowess, wept over his poor toes, but decided notwithstanding that something must be done to shield

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the family name; Father was dispatched to Canada with a cheque for £700 to buy himself a small farm and start afresh. My aunt said the picture postcards he sent them of New York and Chicago and Miami and Reno and Los Angeles were simply mouth-watering, but Grandfather had cabled his eldest son (who did something terribly respectable in New Mexico) to get hold of Father and send him straight home. The eldest uncle said that Father said he had had a ripping time, met some wonderful people, was toying with the idea of movie-making (his profile was out of this world, my aunt said), and had asked for a small loan to buy a cattle ranch in Texas. Father sailed almost immediately, accompanied by a prim little New York milliner called Katie Heap, and before they left he had bought her a diamond ring like a sugar-lump. Father left Katie at the Savoy and stunned the villagers by parading around in a large stetson, talking non-stop of his horses in Texas, and smoking (one of my eight uncles said) ghastly nine-inch cigars. Shortly afterwards, Katie received an urgent telegram asking for the return of the ring as Father was in grave financial difficulties, but being a shrewd American girl she had taken the first boat home, ring and all.

It was some time before Father roamed again. They had tried in the meantime to make an architect of him, but he forgot essentials like drains and chimneys although his ground plans and elevations were a sheer delight. He met Mother in a hotel lounge in Russell Square where she was, with the aid of an armful of magazines, planning an autumn outfit embodying all the latest flapper-type trends. They were married within a month, Father in his stetson and Mother peering out from an extremely clochey cloche and an incredible fox fur, ropes of beads to her waist, which was at hip-level, and bar-strap shoes with Louis heels. Mother said he disappeared on their wedding day with the money she had given him to take care of and couldn't remember what he'd done with it when he came home. He *had* bought her an engagement ring and a gold watch, it was true, but he thought they needed cleaning after a week and she never saw them again. Mother said she was always mystified as to where the money went, because he disapproved of gambling and only drank lemonade, and his only other indulgences were individual custard pies and shaggy cheesecakes, which would hardly account for five-pound notes. Mother said although she gave Father the rent every month, the landlord was always dropping in to hint that it was well over-due, and it was one of these friendly landlords who suggested to her that she ought to remove Father to the country, where he would be out of harm's way.

Mother took the landlord literally and took Father to live on the marshes near the Isle of Grain. The money left her by parents, an elderly aunt in Putney, her brother (Ypres) and her late fiancé (Mons) seemed to be fading away. Father *had* faded away; although there were only two buses a week into town from the hamlet, Father was always on the outgoing bus and would arrive home days later on a borrowed bicycle, in a pony-trap or sometimes in the back of the baker's van. Mother said she began to get rather worried, especially when burly farm-labourers hammered on the windows at midnight demanding to see that Son of Satan and asking What About Their Wives!

Mother moved into the town to be near Father, and asked an old friend if he thought Father could do any useful work. Mother met the old friend a year later and noticed that he staggered, pale and wild-eyed, when he saw her; six months before, he said, Father had wept on his knees and asked to borrow £50 to bury Mother and give her a decent funeral. Mother was extremely hurt and said she would never forgive Father for this; it was the last straw. Father consoled Mother when he came home and said if she *really* wanted to prove she forgave him, could she put up a sweet little woman whose husband was at sea and couldn't get a flat in Chatham? Mother wiped her eyes and said she thought so. The little woman came home and taught me to knit and told me to call her Lil. When Father and Lil had gone, Mother discovered that four sailors made Lil allotments, that Father had promised Lil all Mother's furniture, and that two landladies in Bexhill and a third in the Seven Sisters Road were clamouring for his blood and threatening breach of promise actions.

While Father was in his little cell a month later, he made friends with the Chief Constable and the Town Clerk, and Mother said no *wonder* nobody had any sympathy with her in Court—Father even played poker with the magistrate! Everybody said Father was one of the most charming men they had ever met, and although Mother's lawyer called him an inveterate liar and a plausible rogue *in* Court, they were the best of friends *out* of Court and were heard saying they bore each other no ill feelings, and it was all in a day's work! Mother also discovered that Father had married her in his eldest brother's name and was little consoled when the magistrate awarded her seven shillings a week for the maintenance of the family (five shillings for herself and a shilling for each child).

When the War started, we heard afterwards, Father became an Air Raid Warden at the Old Bailey. Mother said she always had a feeling he'd end up there one day, and the kindest thing that could happen to Father would be a direct hit. Somehow Father became a Garrison Engineer at a large Army establishment in the South and made a packet out of contracts. It was the first we had heard of him for some years, and only then because, whilst holidaying in Devon, a gentleman had recognised the family name in the local directory and hastened to inquire of the eldest aunt if she was any relation to his missing son-in-law. The eldest aunt said she came all over fluttery when he showed her a snapshot of Father, who had apparently married the gentleman's daughter and had had two little girls, practically in the *shadow* of the Old Bailey! The gentleman said he had searched England for Father, but had found no trace of him. My aunt told him sadly that his other wife was still searching for him, too, but had decided years ago that it wasn't worth the expense. The gentleman was rather annoyed, she said, but admitted that he had discovered several marriage certificates in an old suitcase of Father's, all in different names, and it appeared after a long conversation lasting through a cream tea and a sherry session that Father had always taken the precaution of marrying in one or other of his brothers' names. My aunt said she had never been so flabbergasted in her life. If it ever came out, the boys (who were nearly all in their seventies or eighties by this time) would never live it down. My aunt said it was *such* a pity: the latest wife was such a *nice* girl, too—a remark my mother said she took exception to, as if my aunt meant to imply that *she* wasn't!

Lots of people are still looking for Father. Mother still occasionally gets forms to fill asking for her husband's occupation; she has never been in the slightest doubt what to write. She says he never did a stroke of work all the years she knew him, and in a bold hand and jetty ink, writes "Gentleman."

RANI SINHA

The Arts and Entertainment

AN IRISH JOAN

SEVERAL times in the last few months we have heard that most exhilarating sound in the theatre—bravos hailing a performance, and we heard it again last week for Miss Siobhan McKenna's Irish Joan in the Arts revival of Shaw's play. Deservedly, too, for Miss McKenna was by a long way the best Joan I remember. Passionate, sincere and poignant, she convinced in just the right way. She succeeded too (and here the production is extremely helpful) in tracing clearly the development in Joan. For Shaw's Joan is not, just because she is perfect, a static character. The rather absurd naif who, in the first scene, convinces Squire Robert has gone a long way externally, in her manner and her manners, by the time she reaches her cell at Rouen. She has learned to walk with kings and prelates and princes and the edges have been softened, though the fire by which she lives never dies. All this Miss McKenna seems to me to portray to perfection; and then her Irish lilt worked astonishingly well for this purpose—it was enough to mark her off from the metropolitan dignitaries without drawing too much attention to itself. It works in another way too. It is easy to forget that the rhythm in which Shaw thought was Irish, and then to find his purple passages unconvincing: Joan's speech, for instance, at the end, where she prefers death to perpetual imprisonment, has been singled out as an example of his inability to rise to the emotional moment and his falling into a false poeticism whenever he attempts it. No one who heard Miss McKenna deliver this speech would ever, I think, hold this view again. Its rhythm is the rhythm of Irish rhetoric, and spoken so it is extremely effective.

At a time when Shaw is under that interdict of fashion which commits every great writer to a temporary oblivion of twenty years after his death, how does this masterpiece of his stand up? Remarkably well, in my view, solid and indestructible. Those who write down this play do so, I suggest, because they are incurable romantics, and to the incurable romantic Joan must be a heroine of some sort and her accusers and executioners villains of some sort. For the romantics Shaw's play ends before the epilogue, and they judge it on the degree of success with which Shaw moves our sympathies on Joan's behalf. Myself a half incurable romantic, I always find myself falling into the same heresy and dreading the epilogue which, when it comes, always convinces. For it is, of course, just to opposing the romantic view that Shaw dedicated his dramatic life.

That Shaw regarded his *Saint Joan* as a tragedy is undeniable: he talks of it as such in his preface to the play. But the term had its special Shavian significance; tragedy for him lay in the clash between two irreconcilable forces, each of which was justifiable in its own time and place. The problem then was to make Joan completely convincing without glamourising her, and to put over her accusers as normally innocent people doing their best with the best of intentions. In this he certainly had his work cut out, for to the average Protestant or rationalist Englishman the beliefs and behaviour of an orthodox Catholic seem faintly ridiculous, and the expression of those beliefs a series of cheap casuistries. Yet I should have thought it obvious that Shaw marvellously succeeded. A contributing factor to his dramatic genius was his ability to sympathise uncannily closely with types of intellect quite different from his own. Just as more emotive writers, novelists or playwrights can get under the skin of a variety of characters and express their feelings, so Shaw could get under the skin of other intellects and put their points of view as vividly and convincingly as he could put his own.

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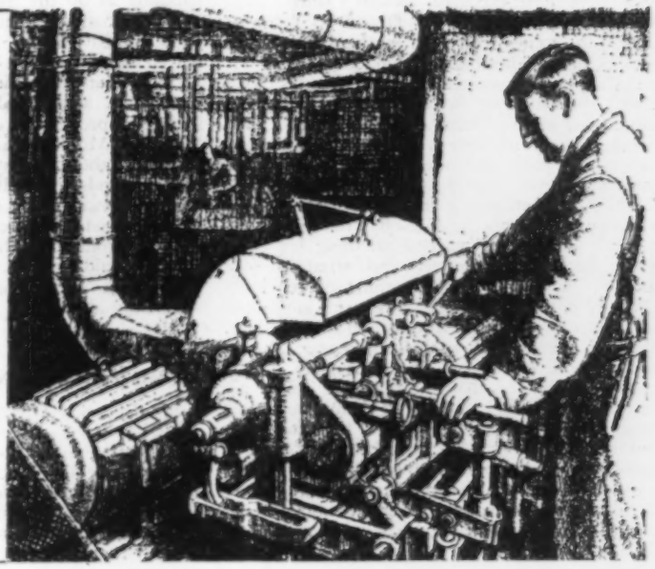

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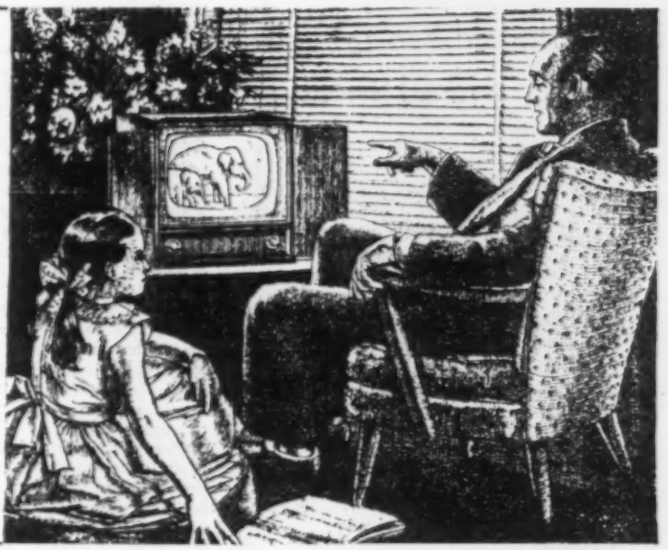

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Cauchon and the Inquisitor in this play are superbly understood and realised. Cauchon, by being played off against the worldly wise Warwick, asserts at once his intelligence and his superior sincerity. In the Arts production Mr. Oliver Burt understood this very well. His scenes with Warwick were quite excellent, though I think that a slightly insincere note is allowed to creep in during his scenes with Joan (perhaps because he uses exclusively head notes which give him at this point a rather parsonical air). Mr. Charles Lloyd Pack's Inquisitor, on the other hand, struck me as less right, simply because his appearance and manner are against Shaw's intention. Technically the whole part, and the famous long speech especially, was interestingly delivered. Mr. Lloyd Pack's limitations are the limitations of his appearance; it takes the edge off, if the Inquisitor's manner and bearing suggest anything but complete intellectual integrity and strength. He mustn't, of course, have anything of the bully about him, for he mustn't fall in with any of the *idées reçues* about the Inquisition's wickedness. But Mr. Lloyd Pack in his appearance goes to the opposite extreme. The personages in this play—Joan no less than the rest—are not people or even types: they embody in themselves whole social or intellectual systems, and the actor playing the Inquisitor, for instance, must by his demeanour and appearance predispose us towards what he stands for so that when he launches out on his defence we accept not only his honesty but the necessity of his office. Shaw made in his preface this claim for his play:

> Those who see it performed will not mistake the startling events it records for a mere personal accident. They will have before them not only the visible and human puppets, but the Church, the Inquisition, the Feudal System, with divine inspiration always beating against their too inelastic limits: all more terrible in their dramatic force than any of the little mortal figures clanking about in plate armour or moving silently in the frocks and hoods of the order of St. Dominic.

I don't think it can be denied that he makes the claim good. Naturally there are tiresome Shavianisms in it which no longer stand up, if they ever did. The English Chaplain is as bad a comedy interpolation as any of Shakespeare's and will need in the future as strategical a handling as do the Shakespearean clowns. On the other hand the Dauphin is a perfectly legitimate comedy figure, and if well and tactfully played as he was here by Mr. Kenneth Williams, he more than earns his place. And what superb theatre, as always, Shaw supplied! I would instance especially the duel between Cauchon and Warwick (Mr. Douglas Wilmer was an excellent Warwick), the scene on the Loire where the wind changes and—a smaller moment of the kind which at once reveals the master dramatist—that little reversal after the trial scene when the Inquisitor pronounces the word "Innocent." Mr. John Fernald's production made the most of the small stage at the Arts and brought the play splendidly alive.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE FRENCH NATIONAL BALLET

THE *Ballet du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris* has always been a stickler for convention. The great French innovators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, such as Noverre, Didelot and Perrot, were never able to work for the *Opéra* for any length of time, so constricting were the artistic rules and intrigues. These artists found more opportunity in foreign theatres—in St. Petersburg, London and Stuttgart. Thus today, following the old tradition, the ballets presented by this company at Covent Garden on their first visit to England have nothing new-fangled about them—they seem indeed to be about twenty years out of date. Even Cocteau's *Phèdre*, with choreography by Serge Lifar (director of the ballet), is heavy with familiar formulas. In the combination-style costumes, the sexy interludes, and the physical training sessions by what might be a youth leader's dream boys, there is an overwhelming sense of worn-out ideas. This is no less true of M. Lifar's *Suite en Blanc*, an exercise in classical steps with white costumes against a black decor. The arrangement is so lacking in musical quality that it seems as though an order had been given to the composer for a certain number of bars of music in set times, to which the choreographer then fitted his prearranged sequences. This may seem a hard judgment, but on the other hand Mr. Lifar is so professional a workman that he can hold his long ballets together with an agreeable consistency, and they develop with a momentum gathered from the very first action. His most imaginative work shown so far is *Les Mirages*, a romantic dream of a young man and his shadow transported to the palace of the Moon. Here there is a cold, sad strangeness filling the great formal hall; while the dancers give more subtle and intense performances than in any of the other ballets.

Harald Lander's revival of *Les Indes Galantes* is an interesting attempt to regain the spirit of the eighteenth-century masque ballet. The stage is filled with singers and dancers who move in set patterns, while Love triumphs over Violence and War. I enjoyed Rameau's choral music and the vista of arched hedges hung with chandeliers; but there needed some spectacular feat of theatrical engineering to enliven the rigid flow of music and dancing.

For the dancers themselves, there is the most satisfying assurance about both soloists and *corps de ballet*. The performers know what they are doing and do it with strict attention to detail and to the effect as a whole: nothing is sloppy or unprofessional. There is never that worry at the back of the watcher's mind that an uncertain movement or a totter will suddenly break the illusion. The men do their double turns in the air without hesitation, and the girls spin firmly with straight backs; neither show anxiety by that curious little grimace that momentarily distorts the faces of so many excellent and even first-class performers when they are about to execute some tricky feat. These dancers have true style, though they may appear to be lacking in emotional fire. Having enjoyed Yvette Chauviré's rare finesse when she danced Giselle for the Festival Company, I was disappointed at the more commonplace way in which she was presented as star of the *Opéra*. Only in *Les Mirages*, as a tenuous shadow, did she show that she was an artist of more than ordinary sensitivity. Among the men are some fine dancers, though it seemed to me they needed a new inspiration to wake them from torpid conventionality.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

OVER the week-end I tried the experiment of doing some of my viewing in a public Teleparlour, a suburban café-restaurant with the screen at the end where a service hatch used to be. The illumination, accentuated by white walls, was rather brighter than I would have liked, but this only made the experience more significant. There was a distinct current of embarrassment in the air, but whether this was due to scoptophiliac guilt (the Peeping Tom complex) or simply to English diffidence when faced with something unfamiliar, I could not make out. One young woman was deliberately increasing her confusion by smoking, eating croquettes and peas, viewing, and reading a magazine, all at once. She must have had a remarkable set of conditioned reflexes; hers is the kind of situation which Pavlov used, to induce nervous breakdowns in clever dogs.

The effect on me was curious. Both the newsreels and *What's My Line*, which, when undistracted, I find hideously visible, had entirely lost their hold. But the value of the play, *The Last of the De Mullins*, an Edwardian morality by St. John Hankin, with Wendy Hiller in the part originally created by Lillah MacCarthy in 1908, seemed somehow accentuated. I felt, as I strained eyes and ears towards the too small, too distant, screen, that I was having Lilliputian hallucinations, or looking at a set of period photographs that had suddenly come alive. The play, suggestive, rather, of a collaboration between Shaw and the author of *Caste*, despite whalebone moments, has considerable depth. Miss Hiller gave a beautifully controlled performance, suggesting all kinds of hidden fires, as the girl who ran away from home to have an illegitimate baby and comes back as a New Woman, proudly running a hat shop.

All this, and Mr. Campbell Logan's nicely stylised production, like a series of postcards, proved too much for some critics, who wrote the whole thing off as another coup by that invisible gang of masterly saboteurs who do, all too often, of course, infiltrate into the Drama Departments at Broadcasting House and Lime Grove. One of their specialities is the unsuitable or worthless revival. Elsewhere, in the Home Service, they had been busy over the week-end with an adaptation of Juan Valera's sugary Daudetesque little novel, *Pepita Jimenez*, about 19th-century life as it never was in Andalusia. They retreated, baffled and gnashing, however, from Saturday Night Theatre, which was a solidly capable production of Wynyard Browne's interesting if rather mechanically devised *A Question of Fact*, with Patrick Barr as the young schoolmaster who has just discovered he is the son of a murderer, and Angela Baddeley—both admirable—as the Mum whom he hasn't seen since she had him adopted. She turns out to be almost a daughter of St. John Hankin's version of the New Woman, having made good in the Rag Trade and become a dispenser of human-heartedness.

The Third is an especial favourite haunting ground of the phantom saboteurs, but there one must be careful to distinguish between their efforts and between the plucky experiment doomed to failure, or the culturally worthwhile but dramatically unpromising. In the latter category were Nestroy's satire on reaction and bureau-

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cracy, *Freedom Comes to Krahwinkel*; this has its lively moments. But Roy Pascal's translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which is a somewhat more moral and harmonious, less Greek and cunning, version of Euripides, gained nothing by being performed. Marius Goring as Orestes and Maria Becker as Iphegenia came over mighty flat, like drachmæ falling into mud. So much so that it was with a heavy heart that I turned from Twenty Questions to the first Five Cantos of the Inferno, announced as a reading produced by Peter Duval Smith. It was altogether excellent, really as good as a play, with Marius Goring, again, as Dante, grave but not depressing, and Esmé Percy, nobly curbing his tendency to sugary silveriness, as Vergil, both taking it beautifully slowly, and a good supporting cast of Frank Tickle as Charon; Malcom Hayes, Minos; Nicolette Bernard, Francesca da Rimini. Some of the original Italian—we only had a short mutter at the beginning—would have been welcome.

Altogether I seem to have struck a particularly theatrical patch. Even my talks, apart from an alarming sermon on old age by Florida Scott Maxwell—"each hour nibbles at our solidity"—were dominated by Robert Morley being given the new meant-to-be-provocative interview treatment, and expressing markedly liberal sentiments. He appeared again at the televised Green Room Club's Dinner, with Ralph Lynn, Wilfred Hyde-White and Cicely Courtneidge, all of them in superlative form, cunningly giving the impression that they were just about to say something outrageous, which is just what we scoptophiliacs crave.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE MOVIES

"This is Cinerama," at the London Casino
"The Belles of St. Trinian's," at the Gaumont

Cinerama is really quite fun: the widest, wildest fling yet. Now to the occupant of a near stall—the gods, if in cinema there are any—the desire to be "in it" is all but realised. Seventy-five by 26 foot of screen confronts and enlists him; vision's wings start to wrap him round; sound catches him in the rear. With this engulfing outlook the blank lights up and he takes—willy-nilly—the plunge on a giant switchback. Into hollow, over hump, round bend, down into screaming depth, up, up to ominous height—nothing is spared, everything is enlarged. Of course, one can—if it gets a little too much, as it almost does—close one's eyes, stop one's ears to the rush and roar that so tumultuously rival the real thing; but the triumph is that one can just take it and enjoy the sickening thrill in counterfeit. The old Chinaman delighted in the *trompe l'oeil* of a fly on flesh, so painted that the spectator would try to whisk it away. Cinerama is the *trompe l'oeil* in action.

If the switchback ride clutches at pure sensation, going back to those Kinematograph days when, in a little room at the end of a pier, pictures of rough seas would be accompanied by a sympathetic rocking of the whole theatre, this is the mere first blow between the eyes: the method is employed later with some refinement. Venice haunts us; we can enjoy the amplitude of crowded water, or turn the head to examine some famous landmark in passing; our gondola enters, thrillingly, a cool, dark alley with a bridge at the end in sunlight; and, of course, the gondolier sings. Or Edinburgh is spread out, castle and view in one. Or the sun has half-spread across the bull ring, and after the initial parade the bull runs in, chases his as yet innocent tormentors to their slip-exit, is prettily played to and fro with a cloak. Or best of all is the helicopter trip over America—some of the great wheat-lands, mountain ranges, Niagara with a rainbow, the Grand Canyon red in the evening light and with a steep, secret watercourse to be explored. This really gives some measure of what Cinerama can do: certainly nothing else has so brought to me the physical presence of America. To reach this climax we have to put up with a good deal of tedium in the way of commercial boost, bathing belles, singing choirboys (all wide-screeners seem to have a fixation on choirs), the triumphal procession in *Aida*, and bagpipers letting loose hell's donkeys in our ears.

Also—and this is a rather more serious objection—the method itself, of three films projected contiguously to make one, has most irritating flaws. There are blurred joins, jumps in colour. (Though in general colour and sound rank high.) Worst of all, the three pieces have a habit of jigging madly *against* one another; and sometimes this can tear out the reality from any scene. Though new to Europe, Cinerama isn't so new that it can expect us to turn a blind eye when the eye is so terrifically engaged. On technical improvement rather than on trying to make good the claim that here is a new medium of story-telling, will depend the future of Cinerama. Meanwhile, here is a staggering novelty—at a price: the seat I occupied at the press-show—in the middle of the seventh row of stalls—would now, I gather, cost me fifteen shillings.

No need to ask where *The Belles of St. Trinian's* come from, or to point out that, really, there couldn't be any. The title's ironical, is it? But then the Sixth Form here *do* wear silk stockings and high heels, on the hockey field; you see the kind of muddle that arises when one takes an uncompromising original, and starts compromise. Policewomen step in, bookies, Civil Servants, transvestism, Mohammedans. Some of them are very funny: especially Alastair Sim as a headmistress of almost Henry-Jamesian grandeur, George Cole's bookie in the shrubbery (who had started life as school boot-boy and, unobserved, grown up), and the Horse in the Dorm—this is far and away the best neo-Searlian touch. Then there are Miss Grenfell and the little horrors. But if good money's worth, it's not Searle, and not nearly such fun as that other frolic of Frank Launder's—*The Happiest Days of Your Life*.

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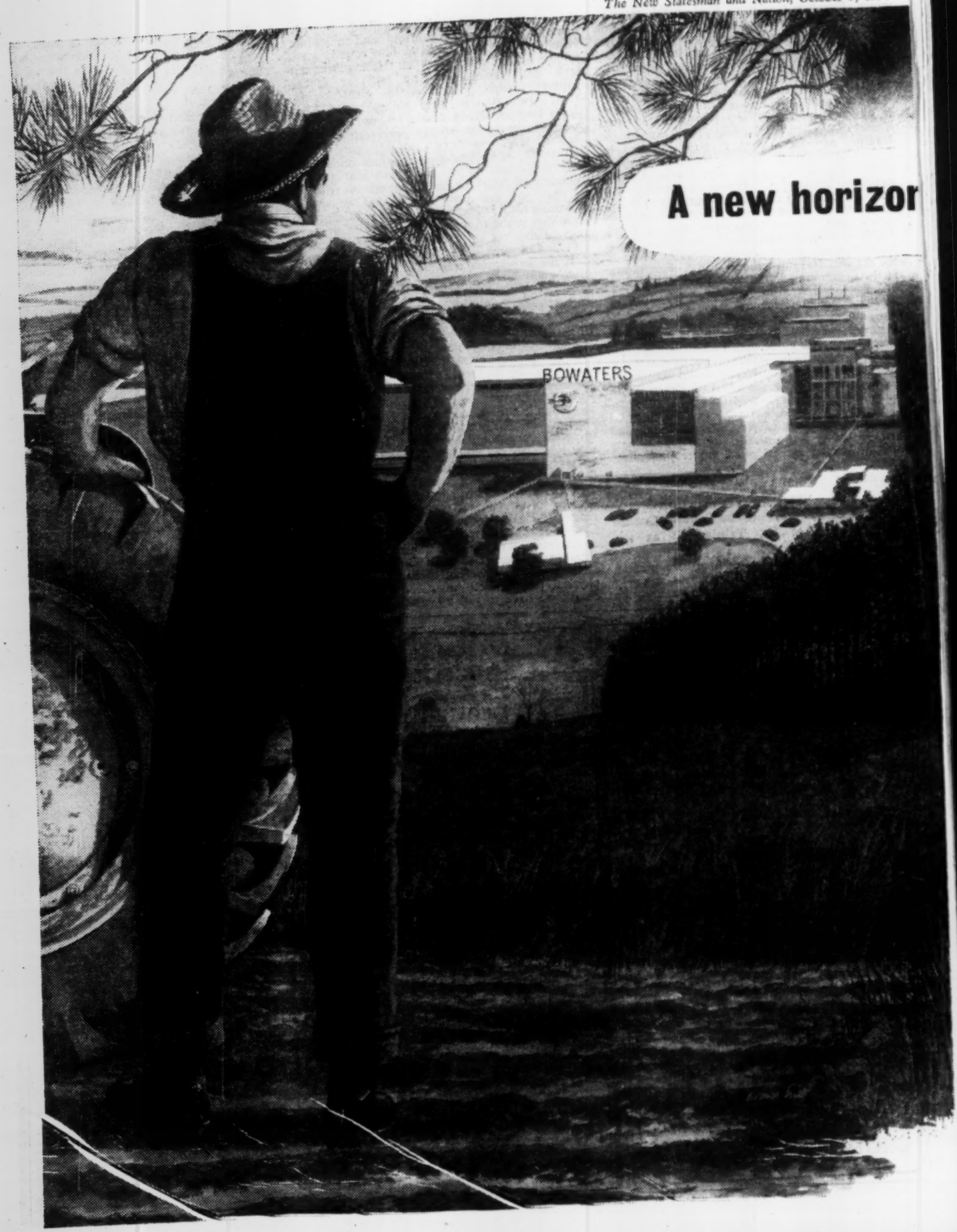
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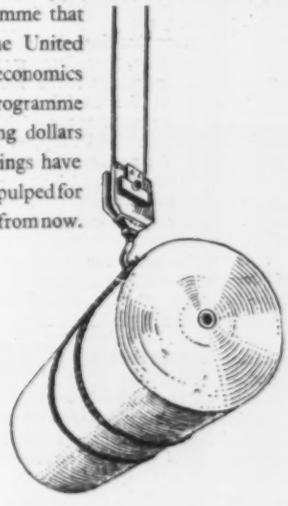
Here, to confound the pessimists, is a heartening example of Britain and America working together—technically, industrially and commercially—for their mutual benefit. For these new mills in Tennessee are already supplying much-needed newsprint to American publishers in the South. Meanwhile, to assure their supplies, Bowaters are planting southern pine seedlings at the rate of millions a year — an afforestation programme that has been described in the United States as "a lesson in the economics of tree planting". It is a programme that will still be harvesting dollars for Britain when the seedlings have reached full growth and are pulped for paper a quarter of a century from now.



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GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—Now that Nine Power agreement has been reached on German rearmament, it is important for us to be clear precisely what the Scarborough Conference instructed the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party to do. First, the policy of German reunification in peace and freedom was reaffirmed. The Nine Power London Agreement will only perpetuate the division. Second, negotiations were to be resumed between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union on the basis of free elections. This has been abandoned by the Nine Powers. Third, a common policy was to be sought with the other European Socialist Parties to this end—to terminate the occupation of West Germany and preclude the emergence of a German military menace but allow West Germany to contribute to collective security in accordance with the principles of the United Nations. It is this last sentence that is supposed to give the green light to the rearming of Adenauer's Germany. Yet the conditions posed are crucial.

First, as Mr. Zilliacus has recently reminded us in your columns, the principles of the United Nations (in this instance Article 53 of the Charter) demand Security Council authorisation (subject to the veto)—in other words, agreement between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers—for any regional arrangements of collective security except those made against ex-enemy States. The "regional" Brussels Treaty was originally made acceptable by being directed against Germany. It cannot now be used to include Germany, under United Nations principles, unless the Soviet Union can be persuaded to accept it and that can be ruled out.

Secondly, nobody—and certainly not the Nine Powers—believe that Adenauer's Germany can be rearmed in such a way as to preclude the emergence of a German military menace *and* end the occupation of West Germany. The Nine Power Agreement virtually substitutes Nine Power for Four Power Occupation. The fact is that no one really trusts Adenauer's Government. Nor does anyone trust the Hitler generals who are selecting officers for the new Wehrmacht.

Many would be less unhappy about German rearmament if we weren't asked to rearm these particular Germans. The Nine Power Agreement assumes that all this is inevitable and aims to limit its worst features—aggression against the East, production of A.B.C. weapons, etc.

Yet the most serious error that Socialists can make is to make the same assumption, to underestimate the strength of the democratic opposition to the Adenauer régime and so to abandon the Social Democrats and trade unionists and the wide range of liberals who are opposed to Adenauer. And this, just at the moment when, judged by the recent election results, their strength is increasing and judged by the recent statement of Herr Schmitt-Wittmack, their contacts with the East are growing more friendly. And, of course (and this is the most serious argument against rearming *these* Germans) once the S.S. men and the Flicks and Krupps are given arms, the democratic forces will be the first to feel the menace—as in 1933.

It all comes back to the twofold problem of the alternative—which is carefully written into the Scarborough Resolution but abandoned in the Nine Power Agreement—that is:—

(1) Of organising free elections throughout Germany, which alone can defeat Adenauer, hold back the Nazi revival and force the Socialists of the West and the Communists of the East into agreement;

(2) Of re-establishing a United Germany whose peaceful development can only be guaranteed by agreement between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers for inspection and control within United Nations principles.

On the first problem there are new grounds for hope in the latest proposals from East Germany, which need to be given immediate consideration. The Prime Minister of East Germany has offered (and the offer was repeated by his leading Ministers to the group of Labour M.P.s and others who recently visited East Germany) to take the old Weimar Constitution as the basis for East-West German arrangements for free all-German elections. Now this is an extremely reasonable offer. And is it so unreasonable of the East Germans if they make it a condition of free elections that the neo-Nazis and the militaristic organisations in the West should first be banned and the foreign forces, who permitted them, first be evacuated in the general evacuation of all foreign troops? If the Russians are prepared to agree to this, shouldn't we be?

On the second problem, Herr Ollenauer has now repeated his plea for further Four Power discussion, particularly in view of Mr. Vishinsky's new and hopeful general disarmament proposals. Can the National Executive of the Labour Party now do less than consult with Herr Ollenauer and the other European Socialist Parties to find a European collective security system that will include Germany and be acceptable to the Soviet Union and so come within the principles of the United Nations?

At all events it is the paramount duty of us all to do everything in our power to protect the German democrats in the West and in the East from a new 1933 by creating the conditions for them to work out their own peaceful solution once more along the lines of Weimar.

MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN

Dedham, Essex.

OBSCENE LIBEL

SIR,—The purpose of the law relating to obscene libel, is broadly, the protection of the adolescent. So long as it is so, it is idle to consider "intent"; and the law ignores it. For this reason, it is not surprising to find a reputable publisher and a serious writer in the dock one week, and a collection of seedy pedlars of dirty books the next.

I have heard an eminent prosecuting counsel say, à propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, that, when an artist has been at work, however erotic his book may seem, its artistic merit shrives it of its corrupting influence. Perhaps, in a sense, there is something in that; but, so far as the adolescent is concerned, not, I think, much; and, of course, the more powerful the talent, the more powerful is its influence.

It is for this reason that many a good book that has been read in England with pleasure and profit over two or three hundred years fits comfortably within the legal definition of obscenity. Most of these books haven't yet been prosecuted. They ought to be: the law couldn't be more specific: the advancement of literature or art is not a defence. One was, and was ordered by a bench of magistrates to be destroyed.

It was interesting to read, when this decision was appealed, that the prosecution sought to argue that a book, innocuous in itself, innocuous in a public library, exhibited in a back-street shop-window with other, obscene, books, might be held thereby to become itself an obscene book within the legal definition.

The argument, if one may say so with respect, is nonsense. A book is either obscene, or it is not obscene; and if it is obscene in a Swindon back street, it is obscene in Swindon Library; and so simple a proposition holds good even when one is concerned with obscenity in law, for a book "may" fall into the hands of a corruptible anywhere, and "may" is enough, so far as the law is concerned.

The truth is that the law has other obligations towards society. It needs also to be on the side of the artist, to protect mankind against limitation of its right of self-expression. At present, it is concerned with protecting the young to the exclusion of this right, and it seems to me that the nearest one is likely to get to satisfying both claims is this: Reframe, as you suggest, the legal definition of obscenity, and make "intent" matter, but, as well, create a new offence—the offence of the offering for sale (or hire) of books in such circumstances as to *hold them out* as pornographic. On a conviction of this new offence, the books themselves, if they did not come within the amended definition of obscenity, would remain unsullied, but their prostitutor would be punished.

And that would be just. It would have brought about a different result at Swindon.

DENIS HART

SIR,—In your last issue you suggest that "obscenity is simply what each generation finds unacceptable." Is this not flinging your net too wide? It occurs to me that *anything* which forcibly reminds Puritans that they possess erectile tissues is obscene; anything from lipstick and nail-varnish to the Kinsey Reports and beyond. Non-Puritans do not dislike such reminders. It is surely quite ridiculous to seek to censor something as natural and healthy as bawdy. What we need is some means of compelling Puritans to accept the fact that they must not force their private neuroses on the frank, decent community of adult human beings, even though bawdy betimes. We are getting into the power of neurotic bigots. What publisher today would dare to print *The Song of Songs* as a pamphlet, or to bring out the very first edition of an unbowdlerised text of Shakespeare's plays?

CHARLES SELTMAN

11 Little St. Mary's Lane,
Cambridge.

BLOCK VOTE

SIR,—I have been a trade unionist for thirty-three years; for eighteen of these I have been a member of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. For eighteen years I have been a Shop Steward and a regular attender at the Branch meeting. My membership of the Labour Party is almost as long and my work for the Party as good; for some years I have been a member of my local General Management Committee.

Not once in eighteen years has the Southampton Branch of the N.U.G.M.W. had the chance to nominate a delegate to the Party Conference, or to say how our vote shall be cast for the trade union members of the National Executive. My Branch of about five thousand members has not had a chance to express its trade union views at Party Conferences. The Union uses its block vote including mine—and I value it—but without attempting to ask me what should be done with it. Where my Union delegates to the Party Conferences get their mandate from is a mystery. I wonder if my fellow-members have the same experiences?

P. GRAY

Southampton.

SOUTH AFRICAN LIBERALS

SIR,—May I add one point to Mr. John Hatch's excellent article on the provincial elections in South Africa? This article is admirable; despite its comparative brevity, it gives a complete, accurate and balanced account of the South African political situation.

The new parties advocating liberal policies can expect no support from the White electorate; I should be inclined to add, in the foreseeable future. And this fact itself deters non-Whites from joining the Liberal Party, the only one that admits both White and non-White members, so that the attempt to make contact with the African and Indian Congresses, which would provide the one slightly hopeful prospect in the present situation, makes little progress.

But, more serious than this, the Government's policy of proscribing the chosen leaders of the Congresses while it in no way curbs African and Indian determination to continue the struggle for their rights, has the effect of replacing moderate, reasonable and liberal leadership among the non-Whites by leadership which becomes progressively more extreme and Communist-inspired. The Congresses at present are guided in their policy and tactics mainly by a small group of Whites, whose political ideology and methods are such that true liberals cannot co-operate with them without forfeiting some of their most cherished political principles. So the African and his non-European allies are being alienated from the friendship and guidance of those Whites whose politics are reasonable and healthy and with whom it is essential for them to work, if a peaceful multi-racial society is ever to be evolved in this country. The rift between Black and White is consequently widened, and likewise between those who really believe in democratic principles on the one hand, and those on the other who either do not or who profess allegiance to them merely in order to

exploit an explosive situation in the interests of subversion.

If left to herself, therefore, it is quite clear that South Africa will not find any peaceful solution of her problems and eventual bloody revolution, in which Communism will almost certainly triumph, is only likely to be prevented by some sort of intervention from the outside. For this reason, Canon Collins is less misguided than his critics.

ERROL E. HARRIS

THE SHADOW OF PERON

SIR,—When I said in my article that the Latin-American working class might turn to President Peron "in despair," I scarcely expected to find the Argentine dictator defended with the enthusiasm displayed by Senor Fuentes. His claim that Peron has attacked landlordism in Argentina is scarcely justified: after nine years of Peronist rule there is little indication of land reform in the Republic. Moreover, though it is true that Peron has some working-class support—as indeed had Mussolini—Senor Fuentes must have a curious concept of "democratic rule" if he is prepared to ignore the closing down of newspapers, the imprisonment of professors and students and the liquidation of "unco-operative" journalists and trade unionists for which President Peron has been responsible.

Senor Fuentes sees little hope in democratic Socialism as a political force independent of Peronism. I would agree that social-democracy has no hope of gaining power in Latin America unless it abandons the defeatism so clearly illustrated in Senor Fuentes's letter. The acceptance of Peronism as a substitute for Socialism is precisely the danger against which my article was intended to be a warning.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

MYXOMATOSIS

SIR,—The Scottish rabbit is a very healthy, virile animal at any time, but this year it is particularly well fed and strong and a shade larger than usual thanks to four months of almost constant rain and lashings of lush grass. They are a food mainstay of the working people at less than half the price of beef. 4,000 tons of them, skinned and dressed, are sold over the counter by poulterers and fishmongers in the towns and villages all over the country. Hospitals and Works' Canteens just simply couldn't be without them. Farmers who are fortunate enough to have sons or employees clever with nets and snares can keep their own grounds clear and make a shilling or two, or a good trapper will pay, say £40, to do the job. The greedy farmer who demands anything from £70 to £100 deserves to be left alone.

This summer scientific rabbit destroyers, who ought to have known better, introduced myxomatosis into Scotland's cold, clammy, mosquitoless clime and advertised the fact that they were doing so. Newspapers, sensing dramatic, sensational stories, muscled in to help the job along, with the result that the housewives have been given the scare of their lives and "will never eat another rabbit." The result is that hundreds of trappers are now looking for other jobs and uncaught bunnies will be in gardens soon, they are already swarming the golf courses.

But what about myxomatosis? Well the truth is that the Scottish rabbit has no time for science and its methods. Everyone knows that. The only rabbits that are worrying are the few that have been "jagged." The housewife has nothing to fear from poisoned rabbits. With the rich feeding they have had this summer the little animals have never been more healthy. The writer of this diatribe has been a rabbit skin buyer for 32 years and does a weekly round of nine counties, 900 miles by road. I have still to see my first infected rabbit on, or near, any road and on two occasions I moved slowly along the hedges of two estates where outbreaks had been reported and saw lots of healthy rabbits disporting themselves quite normally. Outbreaks are localised and do not spread even to the borders of the estates. But, just report one outbreak and that is enough for the housewife. She reads the papers.

Now suppose the present stalemate continues and the trappers do not trap their usual 2,000,000 (it is actually more than that) what will be the state of affairs in poor old Scotland next spring and summer when these healthy specimens take up house? It is said that one pair can have 64 grandchildren in next to no time. The streets of Pitlochry, Crieff and Perth will indeed be lively.

Surely the Ministries of Food and Agriculture should come out from the wings and do some quick acting. A food distribution organisation has to be saved, or 4,000 tons of cheap food have to be brought in from somewhere.

The B.B.C. must be told that sweeping statements like "12 counties in Scotland" and "The whole of Wales" are, to use a Twainism, "stretchers."

83 Lanfine Road, Paisley JAMES STEWART

SIR,—Here, as in Australia, the rabbit was an import dating in some places from the early Middle Ages, but in others—for instance, some parts of the Highlands—only from the nineteenth century. If the rabbits were to be eliminated, not only would the Forestry Commission be able to plant smaller acreages, since the great extra expense of rabbit fencing would not be necessary, but the ecology would only slip back a century or so. Foxes and weasels could get along on voles, mice, etc., and might even prove more merciful killers of rats than we are: any method seems to be morally allowable against the rats which, on the whole, die out of sight. Perhaps we are secretly jealous of them, realising that if we do manage to kill our own race out completely, the rats are the most likely to take over.

Cambletown, Argyll. NAOMI MITCHISON

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS

SIR,—In reviewing Dr. Macnair's recent edition of *Livingstone's Travels* Mr. Graham Greene lets his imagination override his historical sense when he discusses some differences between the early and the late records left by Livingstone. Mr. Greene quotes an example of Livingstone's style when "he wrote for publication, *Missionary Travels and Researches, The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, [and] he thought it necessary to take as his model the work of other Victorian travel books." This is contrasted with the *Last Journals* where "the airs and graces were to be shed when he was no longer concerned in advancing the sales of his books at home and increasing his opportunities for work. In the final journals we get the hard, truthful writing of which he was capable. Written for no one but himself during that terrible seven-year journey, they present a picture quite different to those bas-reliefs of a missionary in a peaked consular cap, Bible in hand, surrounded by his native followers."

All Livingstone's journals and diaries, from the beginning of his travels, are written with brief laconic notes. But the *Last Journals* were edited for publication after his death by Waller, who left out no day's entry and only added important explanatory notes. The two earlier books he himself wrote for publication, both omitting "monotonous" details and amplifying from memory. Indeed, much of *Missionary Travels and Researches* was written largely from memory, since one of his Journals consigned to Moffat went astray for years and another set of journals sent with a friend from Loanda was lost at sea. Some of these latter he replaced during a stay with a Portuguese friend in Angola.

The three records we have of Livingstone do indeed show different and altering aspects of his character, since each was made in different social and personal circumstances. But the Livingstone who described so vividly the beauties of Central Africa, and portrayed its peoples and communities with insight, was not an artificial man of "airs and graces" aiming at "advancing the sales of his books at home." These additions of literary grace to his books presented his view of Africa, with its vast beauty and its human potentialities, as a contrast to the ravages of famine and disease, and of the slave-trade and internecine warfare. He saw a similar contrast between the riches and the slums of Britain. This contrast made the setting for his personal, as well as for a continental, tragedy.

MAX GLUCKMAN

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Books in General

WHAT is it that has attracted the distinguished or eccentric English, more than any other people, to the East and especially to the Arab regions? It must be more than a matter of dry climate, the sense of space and the sensations of freedom and release from our sodden, overcrowded and claustrophobic country. Is the feeling for the desert similar to the feeling for the sea? That is to say, is there the same sense of a limitless individual freedom ruled only by traditional experience, well-known danger, a courtliness of the presence of death? Men of action have certainly found their opportunity in the desert, and Arab speech is filled with that rule-of-thumb wisdom, the proverbial saying always to hand, automatic and conventional, which men of action have always been prone to. Perhaps, in the desert, there has been the attraction, so strong for the puritan, of the divided life: austere living now, the debauch tomorrow, and the one never affecting the other. Freedom, masochism, solitude, the pleasure of living on a minimum, the escape from a world depending on "things", the simplicity of puritanism without its dirty acquisitiveness, perhaps the delight of the Bible-reader in finding himself in the lands of the pastoral, nomadic life of his childish reading: one can see these incitements. Underlying them is the major fact of British power and wealth throughout the 19th century. No Imperialism, no Arab cult.

These reasons could explain the attraction of men to the Arab countries; they hardly explain why some Western women have thrown over everything to live there. It is true that women have never had much difficulty in adapting themselves to violent changes of scene or master. They have not needed to convince themselves intellectually before or after the event. Of course women like Gertrude Bell or Freya Stark *have* been moved by intellectual considerations, but the more curious are those who have been moved by simple romance or the desire for personal adventure, and who have recklessly thrown themselves on the mercy of lands where women have traditionally been shut away and in subjection. No desire for freedom here, no asceticism, no puritanism or desire for action; on the contrary, voluptuousness and surrender. Their choice appears to cut across the current of female emancipation. Can it be that their romantic illusions did in fact give them more freedom, the possession of a fuller personality, than they would have had at home? For, however much they may have desired to be dominated and to be enslaved, enslaved they certainly were not. Miss Lesley Blanch would say in her biographical inquiry* into the lives of four of these ladies that they chose the East because there they could become "more women."

The Wilder Shores of Love is a deeply absorbing book, though it occasionally gushes in its writing and has too many contemporary tricks of evocation. Miss Blanch is an agreeable but uneven writer. The essence of her portraits is thoroughly sound. The subjects are well-chosen to illustrate aspects of the author's theme. Three of her women are Victorians; one, Isabel Eberhardt, belongs to this century. Two are English, one is French and the last, a Slav in exile. Miss Blanch's task is to show how they came to be carried away by "the romance of the East" and to suggest the general point—very fashionable nowadays—that their lives are a protest against that desiccating of womanhood which has been brought about by the "greying" of our world, and by the emancipation of the sex. They had seen "the cold light of reason dawning like a grey streak across the blue." They bolted. They reached towards personality, voluptuousness, passivity, leisure and considerable power. They were admired for their brains, their intrepidity and independence, their northern training and temperament—possibly for their northern nervous systems. Being foreigners, they had the romance both ways: they had more freedom than Eastern women. Their taste for this was, after all, their attraction. It was not their passivity that was admired by the Moslem lovers of Lady Ellenborough and Aimée Dubucq; it was not sensual submission or feminity that was chiefly admired in Isabel Eberhardt who dressed as a man. Only Isabel Burton, who remained English, prudish, one of nature's packers of trunks, the complete Victorian wife ridden roughshod, comes close to the Eastern view of the submissive woman, as Miss Blanch agrees. I do not think her portraits prove anything, beyond the fact that the courage and strength to live the exceptional life are always rare and always fulfilling. It is ourselves who disappoint us.

The Romance of the East is a purely 19th-century dream. It is the poetic counterpart of Western imperialism. The idea possessed Isabel Burton when she read Disraeli's *Tancred* as a girl; she kept the book beside her, with her Bible, for the rest of her life. With Lady Ellenborough, the idea was an offshoot of Byronism. To Aimée Dubucq, the convent girl from Martinique who was captured by pirates and shut up in the Sultan's seraglio in Constantinople, the dream can hardly have occurred; it was an uninvited nightmare. That did not make it less satisfying in the end. To Isabel Eberhardt, the journey to North Africa became a mystical experience, a truly Slavonic research for the salvation of the soul through suffering. For the three other women, there are the mundane rewards of devotion and power; they found husbands of the highest character who adored them. They have the talent for success in vicarious living or exogamy. Isabel Eberhardt alone has genius and her life was tragic, drunken, syphilitic, short and famous.

Of the four, Isabel Burton had the smallest foothold in the East, but it was she who put an irresistible British determination into achieving her object. The prophecies of fortune-tellers, the mysteries of marital and even otherworldly telepathy, were called in to convince herself, her husband and everyone else of her destiny. She realised little of her dream for herself; except for the few years in Damascus, she saw little of the East. Her passion for Richard Burton gave her the next best thing—the capacity to experience it intimately at second-hand. Another Britannia, she subdued and colonised him, to the extent that this restless, ferocious and scornful man could be colonised. Sarcastic comments have been made about their marriage; the truth is that, like many marriages, it had its phases and, though Isabel Burton was often stupid and, in the matter of burning Burton's diaries and manuscripts after his death, either outrageous or dishonest, one cannot fail to respond to her unquenchable love for him. He, the East personified, was her Cause, and women with Causes are bores; but before her devotion criticism vanishes. She had the sense not to hang round his neck. She accepted without resentment that, in any case, he would not let her do so. She passes the test: she rose to her greatest powers on his behalf, for the most part of the time, in his absence. Her story reminds one that the varieties of marriage are immense and their satisfactions often mysterious. Even if it is true—as some conventionally malicious people have thought—that the burned diaries contained unflattering references to herself and, in short, blew the gaff, one can be pretty certain that it would have made no difference to Isabel Burton. When she burned his papers it was on behalf of the reputation of her god. She cannot be forgiven; but one is left merely with the irony that, even when he was most loved, Burton attracted injury to himself by his arrogant negligence.

Aimée Dubucq's story, like Lady Ellenborough's, has the strongest overtones of respectability. The seraglio was rather the divan of power, ritual, hierarchy, than the bed of pleasure which has been pictured by the heated Western imagination. Aimée Dubucq bore the heir to the throne and taught her husband and her son the advantages of Western civilisation. The worst she had to suffer was the sight of a good deal of murder. Both were intelligent men. Lady Ellenborough's story is equally improving in the long run. She became, in fact, a reformed character in the East. Until fifty this rich, beautiful, educated woman had been the scandal of European courts. Her lists of lovers, she said, was like "a naughty Almanac de Gotha." She was a genuine Romantic, innocently believing each of her innumerable promiscuities was the final revelation. At fifty she was still beautiful and, to the confusion of moralists, she settled down to twenty-five years of domestic happiness in Damascus and the desert with Sheikh Abdul Medjuel El Mizrab, a leader who followed the nomadic tradition and who had impressed all travellers by his wisdom, intelligence and seriousness. It has been said that the raffish Regency aristocrat impressed him by her wealth, but in fact he never profited by her money; nor did he interfere with her religious beliefs. Indeed, his own Moslem piety is generally thought to have revived her almost-extinct religion and to have given her the remorseful concern for missionaries which became notable in her old age. Medjuel was mad with grief when she died.

It is natural to wonder if Isabel Eberhardt's tragedy would have been softened or even averted if, like the other women in this book,

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* *The Wilder Shores of Love*. By LESLEY BLANCH. *Murray*. 15*s*.

† *Ionia, A Quest*. By FREYA STARK. *Murray*. 30*s*.

she had been a woman of means. The child of a mad, quarrelling, extraordinary family of Russian exiles in Geneva, she grew up in the feckless poverty of educated people who are going downhill fast into seedy Bohemia. When they migrated to Algeria, where she had her mystic's vision, she was penniless. She married a Spahi who was quartermaster of the garrison at El Oued, and her simple ambition was to run a *café maure* and hope to save enough to have a small grocer's shop. But masochism is the ruling spirit of the compulsive travellers. Isabel Eberhardt was never still in her search for humiliation and suffering. She wandered from one Arab village to the next; she joined marauding tribes; lived in brothels; sat for days immobile in contemplation; joined religious societies; took innumerable Arab lovers, submitted to their violence, poured anisette down her throat and smoked hashish. She wrote of "the long hours with neither sadness nor boredom—nothingness—when one is nourished by silence." She was nearly killed by the sword of a fanatic. In her short, violent life, for she was dead at 27, she had become a legend; and her posthumous writings indicate some of the qualities she had in common with the traditional Russian saint who lives among the insulted and the injured.

In Miss Freya Stark's *Ionia*† we move to the East of the sensitive, intellectual traveller. She journeys learnedly among the ruined cities of Asia Minor and writes allusively of the beginnings of civilised history; she is a good traveller because she is suggestible. She calls her book A Quest, and it is a search for the continuous thread of delight and happiness that leads us through the massacres and catastrophes of the past. In a precious and nervous way Miss Stark is a gifted, quickly glancing descriptive writer and a stoical moralist. She moralises rather much but one finds in her what one finds in all these travellers, men or women, practical or romantic, the same half-willingness to surrender to the life of contemplation. It has often been said that the West wants to "do," while the East wants to "be." In their passion, these travellers interest us because nature has, by an irony, made them too restless and active for the acquiescence they long for. And now it is the East, impatient of the new Western sensibility, that wants to "do."

V. S. PRITCHETT

CHORAL PRELUDE

on *All People that on Earth do dwell*

All people that on earth do dwell
Shut, shut your mouths, bite out your tongues;
Your music's now a selfward yell,
An ingrown moan of throat and lungs.

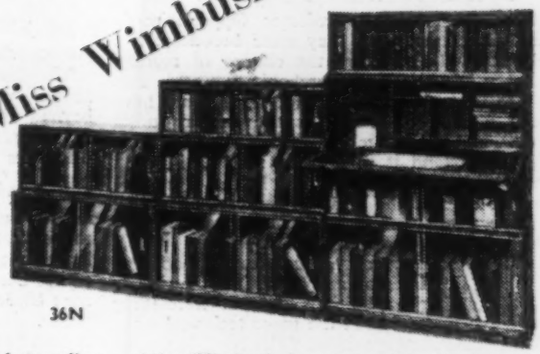
Creatures untutored of heaven's grace
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
God's image spits in His own face,
Making a mocking of God's choice.

Men hail the premier of hell
(Making a master of God's naught),
Him serve with fear, *his* praise foretell—
Claiming the minus debt has bought.

Dry on the lips the tired words lie.
Be silence, then, your chant and choice,
So may you hear dumb creatures cry:
"Come ye before Him and rejoice."

NORMAN NICHOLSON

No orchids for Miss Wimbush!



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AN INTELLECTUAL FAITH

Science and the Common Understanding. By ROBERT OPPENHEIMER. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those who heard Professor Oppenheimer's Reith Lectures when they were broadcast last autumn will now have the chance of reading them at leisure. It was probably inevitable that to the unprepared ear the lectures should have been difficult to follow; as the author quotes from Hobbes, science is "of that nature as none can understand it to be, but such as in good measure have attayned it," and Professor Oppenheimer stresses the great difficulty of conveying without mathematics what in mathematical terms can be said with beauty and simplicity. But a disappointed listener who acquires this book will find that he can enjoy and appreciate the quality of the author's reflections without necessarily following in any detail the more technical parts of the scientific exposition. The book has some of the qualities, and the defects, of a mystic poem: the very depth of the relations and analogies which concern the author is an obstacle to immediate comprehension. Perhaps a radio critic would feel regret that the author did not simplify his exposition in the interest of immediate clarity; but the book would be the poorer had he done so: one rightly suspects the quality of any work whose appeal is immediate and reassuring. Professor Oppenheimer's main thesis, the way in which science illuminates and reflects the underlying patterns of human life and thought, is one from which writers shrink, either because they feel unable to convey it without distortion or because they are too preoccupied with the superficial and misleading analogies which Professor Oppenheimer quietly and firmly disposes of in his first chapter:

> . . . these misapplications of the findings of atomic physics to human affairs do not establish that there are no valid analogies. These analogies will, in the nature of things, be less sharp, less compelling, less ingenious. They will rest upon the fact that complementary modes of thought and complementary descriptions of reality are an old, long-enduring part of our tradition. All that the experience of atomic physics can do in these affairs is to give us a reminder, and a certain reassurance, that these ways of talking and thinking can be factual, appropriate, precise, and free of obscurantism.

We should be grateful to Professor Oppenheimer, whose high standing in his subject is beyond dispute, for having taken the trouble to say things about science that go beyond the usual platitudes of popular science and popular metaphysics. That very few of those who heard the broadcast lectures followed them all the way is not a consideration which need be weighed by the interested reader. If in any book of this length one can find as much poetry and humanity as lies between the covers of *Science and Common Understanding*, one has no cause for complaint. It is very heartening, in a decade which is obsessed with the frightening potentialities of scientific technology, to hear the still small voice of intellectual faith unmoved by the clamour and panic of those who shrink from the responsibility of new knowledge. In the author's words:

> We regard it as proper and just that the patronage of science by society is in large measure based on the increased power which knowledge gives. If we are anxious that the power so given and so obtained be used with wisdom and with love of humanity, that is an anxiety we share with almost everyone. But we also know how little of the deep new knowledge which has altered the face of the world, which has changed—and increasingly and ever more profoundly must change—man's views of the world, resulted from a quest for practical ends or an interest in exercising the power that knowledge gives. For most of us, in most of those moments when we were most free of corruption, it has been the beauty of the world of nature and the strange and compelling harmony of its order, that has sustained, inspirited, and led us. That also is as it should be. And if the forms in which society provides and exercises its patronage leave these incentives strong and secure, new knowledge will never stop as long as there are men.
>
> We know that our work is rightly both an instrument and an end. A great discovery is a thing of beauty; and our faith—our binding, quiet faith—is that knowledge is good and good in itself. It is also an instrument; it is an instrument for our successors, who will use it to probe elsewhere and more deeply; it is an instrument for technology, for the practical arts, and for man's affairs. So it is with us as scientists; so it is with us as men. We are at once instrument and end, discoverers and teachers, actors and observers. We understand, as we hope others understand, that in this there is a harmony between knowledge in the sense of science, that specialised and general knowledge which it is our purpose to uncover, and the community of man. We, like all men, are among those who bring a little light to the vast unending darkness of man's life and world. For us as for all men, change and eternity, specialisation and unity, instrument and final purpose, community and individual man alone, complementary each to the other, both require and define our bonds and our freedom.

These are no idle words. Civilised life depends on finding the correct balance between the individual and the community, between the thinker and the man of action, between discovery and control. Its maintenance is the most difficult and important problem of our time. Who better than a distinguished scientist could reveal science in this light as a microcosm of human thought and endeavour; and to whom more appropriately than Professor Oppenheimer might Jefferson have written the words which are quoted at the end of the book:

> To preserve the freedom of the human mind then and freedom of the press, every spirit should be ready to devote itself to martyrdom; for as long as we may think as we will, and speak as we think, the condition of man will proceed in improvement. The generation which is going off the stage has deserved well of mankind for the struggles it has made, and for having arrested that course of despotism which had overwhelmed the world for thousands and thousands of years. If there seems to be danger that the ground they have gained will be lost again, that danger comes from the generation your contemporary.

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APOLLINAIRE THE ILL-DEFINED

Apollinaire. By MARCEL ADÉMA. Translated by DENISE FOLLIOT. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

"*Il faut être absolument moderne,*" wrote Baudelaire in a moment of pressure, but few artists above the second-rate have made a fetich of modernity. To believe passionately in a new doctrine and reject tradition because it hampers it is one thing. But to prize the modern for its own sake, without regard for the form it takes, is nearer hysteria than originality. The trouble with Apollinaire is that even the hysteria seems cultivated.

Most young Frenchmen today dismiss him with a contempt only equalled by the respect in which he is still widely held in England. The human surrealist, the hero of the cosmic *collage*, back home becomes a fifth-rate dilettante. Is a defence possible? Unfortunately one is constantly drawn back to that forty-year-old review by Duhamel:

> Nothing is more reminiscent of the second-hand shop than this collection of verse published by M. Guillaume Apollinaire under the title, at once simple and mysterious, of *Alcools*. I use the term second-hand shop because a mass of incongruous objects have found their way into this hovel, some of which are valuable, but none of which is the product of the merchant's industry. That is one of the characteristics of the second-hand trade: it sells, but it does not manufacture.

Duhamel was then reminded of several poets, including Verlaine, Rimbaud and others more contemporary. Today one would still place Verlaine very high, add Laforgue, but exclude Villon—hinted by Apollinaire himself and adopted by his admirers. Almost anyone who sobs over Life in a Paris café can count on reminding someone of Villon. It is too easy.

Any possible defence must take the line that "influences" do not matter—a weightier argument today than in 1913. It did not occur to Apollinaire, who wanted to send his seconds to Duhamel. Today one could avoid bloodshed (which did not, in fact, occur) by saying that originality lies in presentation, and to hell, of course, with theme. If one could trace Apollinaire's development from Impressionism to Cubism and then to an early Surrealism, all would be well—or at least explicable. But there are obstacles. To begin with, there is very little natural development at all, but unco-ordinated jumps from one manner to another—sometimes within the same poem—in the interests of surprise. Then, although Impressionism and Surrealism have a meaning in literature, Cubism has almost none. One would be almost justified in seeing its use by Apollinaire as a catchword to link himself and a few literary friends to the prestige of the young painters of the School of Paris. Admittedly these, whom he did much to publicise, had not yet "arrived," and for a short time he could even appear as a *chef d'école*. But as a theorist he is hopeless. In a note on Braque's first exhibition he wrote that "there is now room for a nobler, better proportioned, better ordered and more cultivated art"—four adjectives which are all directly flouted when he himself writes a "Cubist" poem like *Les Fenêtres*. Apollinaire's own "Cubism" is nothing more than a whimsical and arbitrary noting down of impressions and scraps of conversation with his own simple comments. The café becomes a poem but remains a mess. Anything less like the painter's Cubism, or like his own formula of "a plastic reality above nature", is hard to imagine.

That formula led him, however, to his happy find of the word Surrealism, which he applied to his play, *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*. Acted once on an ordinary stage, it required ideally "a round theatre with two stages, one in the centre and the other forming a sort of ring round the audience. This will allow the full display of our modern art . . ." But the play carried a then unmodern message: Repopulate and return the New Woman to the home.

The charge that Apollinaire merely played with conceptions which he did not fully grasp, much

less execute, is unavoidable. From the last ditch I suggest that one should take the label "modernist" and give it a special meaning virtually confined to Apollinaire. It would certainly not mean contemporary with Gide, Proust, or the rising Picasso, or even with the first aeroplanes. It could be with the discovery of Montparnasse. It corresponds to a cry of "Life! Life!" raised by a young man in a city to which he does not possess the clue. His mother is not French, she keeps changing lovers and cannot pay the rent. His father had long since disappeared and it is not certain that Apollinaire knew who he was. When he is old enough to approach women they stall him off. The bank where he works goes bankrupt. The cultural centre of Paris eludes him. It changes cafés. The coteries shuffle or melt. But an undiminished appetite for life keeps him going. He will use it all, as unorganised as it comes. So if his "modernism" and his cosmopolitanism now resemble a St. Vitus's Dance, they at least represent an authentic human attitude. It is not much. But it is neither Bohemianism nor nostalgia nor irony nor revolt. It exists separately and should be expressed. Apollinaire's small corner in it only appears ridiculous when he is claimed as a major figure in modern European poetry.

M. Adéma's book gives little direct help in "evalulating" or even characterising Apollinaire. It is almost completely uncritical and, for the judgments it contains, could have appeared at any time in the past twenty years. But it is useful for facts and clues. It records chronologically, without chapter-divisions, the activities of the "ill-loved" poet, and provides an extensive bibliography of his writings, though not the bibliography of works on him promised on the wrapper. An honest record, it leaves one problem of character unanswered. In describing Apollinaire's manœuvres in the press and the little reviews, M. Adéma speaks of his "innate sense of literary strategy." The phrase is fully justified by the evidence. Yet it is strange that a needy writer who longed for status and even aspired to the *Académie* should have chosen the unpromising road of *avant-garde* experiment. Ingenuousness? Sincerity? This is another paradox which should one day be cleared up.

Meanwhile there are several living elder writers who knew Apollinaire more or less well. From time to time they rake their memories. Until their sometimes conflicting accounts have been set in perspective by a completely detached biographer, little progress is likely. M. Adéma's record should hold the field until then.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

EARLY FREUD

The Origins of Psycho-Analysis. By SIGMUND FREUD. Edited by MARIE BONAPARTE, ANNA FREUD, ERNST KRIS. *Imago*. 30s.

"I still do not know how I managed to arouse your interest," wrote Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess in 1887 at the beginning of the correspondence recorded in this book.

> My speculative fragment on the anatomy of the brain cannot have satisfied your severe judgment for long. So far I have always had the luck to choose my friends among the best of men, and I have always been particularly proud of my good fortune in that respect.

The boot was on the other foot. Fliess was a clever Berlin doctor, whose theory on the relationship between the nose and the female sexual apparatus had stimulated Freud at a time when he was groping towards an understanding of the sex element in neurosis, but apart from this initial coincidence of ideas and a common intellectual background, it is hard to understand Freud's persistent affectionate deference. As a scientist, Fliess seems to have devoted himself to the flashy elaboration of bold and interesting ideas—on the nose-sex continuum, on bisexuality and cosmic periodicity—while his personal character is best illustrated by his statement that he brought the friendship to its end in 1902 because he "detected a personal animosity . . . on Freud's part which sprang from envy!" We have to be thankful that Freud's tolerance and loyalty maintained the relationship till then, for in 168 letters, written over sixteen years, is given the intimate and detailed record of the origins of psycho-analysis.

The interest of this record could hardly be surpassed, humanly or scientifically. In particular the austere genius of Freud becomes extraordinarily endearing. One is awed by the intensity of the scientist, flogging his mind forward through depression brought on by poverty, lack of recognition and the sheer immensity of the task—psychology became an "incubus" and the intellectual burden "superhuman"—but his humanity is never dimmed. However great the strain and despondency, he never fails in warmth and courtesy towards Fliess, even when maligned by him, while the items of family news in most letters show his deep affection for wife and children.

The letters start soon after Freud's return from Paris and Berlin. At that period his published work was predominantly neurological, indeed his monograph on cerebral paralysis in children still occupies a place in modern neurology, but he was becoming more and more interested in neurosis and his attempts to relate the organic and the psychological occupied him for many years. This volume contains, among other notes in the papers which he sent to Fliess, a draft of nearly 100 pages entitled *Project for a Scientific Psychology* integrating the two approaches. But towards the end of the association with Fliess (and this was one reason for the break) he came to believe that psychology must be established in its own right and that, to quote the editors, the "description and understanding of human conflict" must be taken "out of the realm of art and intuition and put . . . into the realm of science."

It must be noted *en passant*, however, that even Freud's later work is deeply imbued with his neurological training. If this were more widely

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recognised, an unfortunate cleavage might have been avoided between those who almost mystically attribute virtually everything to the psyche, and those who have swung in reaction to the opposite extreme. The old-fashioned doctor took for granted the relationship between mind and body, but we have now to be content with the uneasy compromise of psycho-somatic medicine. The neurology of Freud's day offered inadequate techniques for describing mental activity, but constant reference of the mental to the physical provides checks against wild speculation—which in psychology is dangerous speculation—and it is questionable how far the clinical study of the mind can advance if divorced entirely from interest in its biological correlates. Recent work (for example *The Neurophysiological Basis of Mind* by Professor J. C. Eccles) suggests that a neurological description—*not*, let it be noted, explanation—of phenomena like repression, may not be far distant.

The continual effort to achieve an accommodation between neurology and psychology is only one of the themes running through the letters; the dawning comprehension of neurosis is naturally all-important. It is fascinating to see how the initial hunch that some neurotic states are connected with *coitus interruptus*, deepens and broadens over the years into the majestic body of theory we now know so well. Even at this distance of time one cannot follow the gradual approach to illumination without tenseness, and a letter like this, dated October 15, 1895, still communicates its excitement.

> For two whole weeks I was in a fever of writing and thought I had found the secret, but now I know I have not got it yet, and have laid the thing aside again. All the same a lot of things have been cleared up . . . and I am not discouraged. Have I revealed the great clinical secret to you . . . ? Hysteria is the consequence of pre-sexual *sexual shock*. Obsessional neurosis is the consequence of pre-sexual *sexual pleasure* later transformed into guilt. "Pre-sexual" means before puberty . . . ; the relevant events become effective only as *memories*.

Such private intellectual triumphs were almost his only reward in these early days, but it may have comforted Freud that the long-merited professorship was at last conferred on him at the very moment of his final break with Fliess.

One of the many pleasures of this book is in the graphic lucidity of Freud's language, brilliantly translated, as might have been expected, by Mr. Eric Mosbacher and Mr. James Strachey.

The first mention of the concept of the censor is typical, and strangely topical:

> Have you ever seen a foreign newspaper after it has passed the censorship at the Russian frontier? Words, sentences and whole paragraphs are blacked out, with the result that the remainder is unintelligible. A "Russian Censorship" occurs in psychoses, and results in the apparently meaningless deliria.

Reference must finally be made to the meticulous editing of this book. The introduction by Dr. Kris, notes and bibliographies, are deft and informative, contributing appropriately to a production which is in every way memorable.

ADAM CURLE

THE G.O.M.

Gladstone. By PHILIP MAGNUS. *Murray*. 28*s*.

In 1928 Gladstone's son Herbert noted:

> Luminous and interesting as are Lord Morley's pages, they do not present, for those who did not know Mr. Gladstone, a true and complete view of his personality . . . while the tendency of the modern writers is to seek the truth about great men from the habits and affairs of their private life, Mr. Gladstone seems to be excluded from this process.

Sir Philip Magnus has now filled this gap with a biography which is a model of unassuming scholarship and understanding. He has mastered the vast accumulation of Gladstone's papers, more voluminous—as he remarks—than those of any former Prime Minister; and he has painted a personal picture of Gladstone which is completely satisfactory and will stand the test of time. Sir Philip is a modest author. He rarely thrusts himself between reader and subject, and he throws away his best lines like an actor in modern drawing-room comedy. The best stories are slipped in without preparation or underlining. It would have been easy to make fun of Gladstone. Sir Philip Magnus has resisted the temptation. He leaves Gladstone to make fun of himself.

Gladstone was an extraordinary personality. He was a human volcano; but what made him so terrifying and impressive, as Sir Philip points out, was that the volcano was always under control. Gladstone could turn it on and off at will; or rather he would direct its force solely towards the subject which dominated his mind at the moment. He discovered Ireland in 1845:

> Ireland! Ireland! That cloud in the West! That coming storm! That minister of God's retribution upon cruel, inveterate and but half-atoned injustice!

Yet thereafter he forgot Ireland for more than twenty years and took the question up again only when it served to sweep the Liberal party into office. This is what Gladstone meant by the sense of timing on which he prided himself, what others called his opportunism or even his hypocrisy. There was no sense in a volcanic eruption unless it achieved some purpose; but we do not expect sense in an eruption. In Gladstone's private life the eruptions were less controlled. He lived at an intensity which would soon have exhausted any lesser man; and it is amazing that it did not exhaust those who lived with him. As a young man he could not meet a girl without writing her a long involved proposal of marriage immediately afterwards; and when he had achieved a singularly happy marriage, an obscure mission drove him to the redemption of prostitutes. In 1878 he recorded his wish: "when God calls me, He may call me speedily. To die in Church appears to be a great euthanasia, but not at a time to disturb worshippers." Even in this solemn moment, Gladstone did not forget his sense of timing.

It is a commonplace that Gladstone was a Christian statesman. In this he was not alone. What made him unique in British politics was his resolve to serve God's purpose and his ruthlessness in doing this once the purpose had become clear to him. This made him a bad colleague or leader. His intense personal vision led him to ignore others and to push them out of the way. The only parallel is with Bismarck—a comparison which both men would have disliked. There was the same sense of vocation, the same grumbling at having to accomplish it, and—as a consequence—the same belief that only Gladstone or Bismarck knew how to accomplish it. We can understand the Christian purpose in the advocacy of Balkan or Irish freedom. But Gladstone felt it just as strongly when he preached public economy or free trade. Whatever he did, including even the conquest of Egypt, was a holy cause; and it is difficult to resist the feeling that Gladstone was on God's side because God had so arranged things as always to be on Gladstone's.

Sir Philip Magnus has penetrated to the heart of Gladstone's personality. We are made to understand everything about him—his relations with his family; his aloofness towards his colleagues; his failure to get on with Queen Victoria. The book is less successful when it comes to politics; and this is a serious defect. Sir Philip is fascinated by Gladstone as a man; he gives the impression of being less interested in him as a politician. This will not do. However extraordinary Gladstone's personality was, we should not bother much about him if he had not also been the greatest Liberal of the nineteenth century. The little slips—such as making Bismarck conquer Schleswig and Holstein in February, 1864, or describing Alexandria as a British base in 1878—are of no importance. But we are not given the full significance of Gladstone as a democratic leader. Sir Philip does not admire "the people's William." He does not believe that the masses are more enlightened than the classes. Gladstone did. He may have been mistaken in this, and he certainly regretted it. But only those who share this belief can admire Gladstone wholeheartedly. It was his vital legacy to the twentieth century. He came to have faith in the people; and they responded by being worthy of this faith. Gladstone has had bad luck in his biographers from the political point of view. Harcourt said to Morley:

> You cannot write about his religion; you do not sympathise with it. You cannot write about his fiscal policy; you do not understand it. You cannot write about Ireland; you know too much about it.

Sir Philip Magnus will be highly praised for depicting Gladstone as an extraordinary man; and he will deserve every word of the praise. But in his hundreds of quotations he has missed one out. Gladstone said to Morley at the end of his life: "I was brought up to hate and fear liberty. I came to love it. That is the secret of my whole career."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

PROGRAMME NOTES

The Music of Ralph Vaughan Williams. By FRANK HOWES. *Oxford*. 25*s*.

Mr. Howes explains that his book, a substantial volume of 372 pages, "is neither biographical nor critical but is wholly expository." Exposition, in the hands of a writer as able as Mr. Howes, can be very valuable; but some may doubt whether it is desirable or even wholly possible to dispense with development and recapitulation—in other words a critical discussion and a summing up of Vaughan Williams's achievement—all the more so as Mr. Howes states his intention "in general to relate technical features to æsthetic effect" and so offer "a study in applied æsthetics." Can this really be done without the exercise of the critical as well as the analytical faculty? Mr. Howes answers the question, What was the composer driving at when he did this? He seldom considers the next

question that is bound to arise, Does it come off? Indeed he sometimes seems to beg it, for in the course of many visits to the borderline between ethics and æsthetics he makes very large claims for the composer and gives the impression of equating the aim with the achievement.

If we can forget the applied æsthetics and accept this as "a book of glorified programme notes" (as Mr. Howes also calls it), the work of a public relations officer rather than a critic, it merits high praise. Mr. Howes covers in detail nearly the whole of Vaughan Williams's output (he does not mention the few keyboard works), using hundreds of musical and some literary quotations, and supplies an admirable crib for those coming fresh (or not so fresh) to the music. In this sense the publishers' claim that the work is likely to become a standard authority is justified. But it must be said that programme notes seldom make heart or brain beat faster; and since Mr. Howes (for reasons which he explains) often puts the same point several times over, it is not a book for consecutive reading. Here, however, are the fruits of much diligent study, including an amiably pedantic pursuit of folksong pedigrees: we are told, in reference to a scene in *Sir John in Love*, that "Shakespeare merely indicates the refrain 'and down adown a,' etc. Vaughan Williams puts into [Mrs. Quickly's] mouth the last verse of the ballad to a snatch of the tune collected by H. E. D. Hammond in Dorset in 1906 from George Stone, an old post-boy who at the age of eighty-nine was living at Wareham."

Despite his analytical approach Mr. Howes's personal attitude to the music emerges clearly enough; it is one of sympathy tinged with reverence. One or two works—*Dona Nobis Pacem*, *On Wenlock Edge*—give him mild doubts, but the claim on the first page (which many would dispute) that the symphonies of Vaughan Williams "cover a wider range of human experience than Beethoven's" is characteristic of his view. To him—and he often repeats it—"Vaughan Williams's is the prophetic type of mind in that it pierces to the heart of whatever is the object of its penetrating gaze." But does it always and completely transmit this vision to the listener? There is a real difficulty here, on which Mr. Howes's opinion would have been valuable. To many people, foreigners especially, the pronounced mannerism of the composer's style is a serious obstacle. To Mr. Howes it is congenial: its dependence on certain reiterated and markedly personal technical devices, its lack of nimbleness, its avoidance of sharp contrasts, whether of tonality or texture, its "curdled sweetness," its often thick and heavy scoring, do not strike him as limiting factors. He is certainly right in discovering a mystical and visionary element in Vaughan Williams, and in ascribing to it certain masterpieces, such as the E minor Symphony and *Job* (on which he writes particularly well); but there is a danger in the implied assumption that the stature of his music rises and falls with its mystical content. In at least two of Vaughan Williams's finest works, the *Tudor Portraits* and *Riders to the Sea*, this element is absent, and their notable freshness of impact suggests that here the style is more than usually well adjusted to the artistic intention.

One third of the book is devoted to the dramatic works. Here again Mr. Howes's occasional descents into the critical arena leave a good deal unsaid, particularly on the vital balance of the musical and dramatic elements in the operas. He warmly champions the libretto of *The Poisoned Kiss*—surely a *locus classicus* for a heavy-handed text dragging down some charming music—and defends the extensive use of folksong in *Sir John in Love* on grounds of historical and national aptness. But the case against this opera is that it is so cluttered up with minor characters and superfluous junketings that the movement of the plot becomes fatally sluggish. The weakness of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, whether we call it a morality or an opera (and Mr. Howes has a good long chew at the terminological cud), lies in its lack of conflict: the forces of evil are so limply drawn that the Pilgrim has something like a walk-over. Mr. Howes admits that in the Vanity Fair scene "even the images of sensuality . . . are heartless music." That is just the trouble: they are not dramatised, as for instance Handel's heathen in *Samson* and *Theodora*—or for that matter the By-Ends couple—are dramatised. It is dangerous for the dramatist to eschew evil so much that he cannot state its point of view. But if Mr. Howes enters only a sketchy demurrer to the charge that all but one of Vaughan Williams's operas are impaired by serious dramatic weakness, he expounds clearly and in detail all that happens on the stage and in the orchestra, and elucidates the composer's various revisions. Indeed he has taken great care over our enlightenment throughout the book. There is a startling misprint at the top of p. 278, and a musical example seems to have fallen out on p. 232.

WINTON DEAN

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The Identity of Yeats. By RICHARD ELLMANN. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Yeatsian Literature grows apace, and there is no sign of slackening in the numbering of the streaks of every possible tulip, and even in the wishful repainting of some of them. Indeed, it is said that when an American student arrives to search for local colour in the Dublin Bars, the first question is, "Is it Yeats or Joyce you're after?" And new light (and, one fears, a flood of new Ph.D. theses) will break when we receive the Variorum Edition by Alspach and the late Peter Allt (whose recent tragic death is such a loss to Yeatsian scholarship), and when the wealth of new material in Mr. Allan Wade's edition of Yeats's *Letters* has been properly assessed.

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lished for the first time (except for the rare copy in *Rann*) in a version of which several variants are current; although the comment upon that poem "The poet, a Buddhist one moment, a stoic the next, and a spiritualist the next, can look at death as well as other images with changing eyes" seems hardly applicable to Yeats's invocation, on strictly formal lines, of Robert Gregory's ghost. The Notes, which occupy over thirty pages of the book, contain numerous allusions to, and quotations from, unpublished letters and manuscripts; there are also quotations from an unpublished play, *The Blindness*, which I have not seen; the new material, the product of Professor Ellmann's assiduous work in Dublin, is of considerable interest. He has also been ploughing in that fruitful field, the study of Yeats's repeated redrafting that illuminates so much of his technique.

There will, I think, be a good deal of disagreement with some of Professor Ellmann's exegesis of individual poems, and some of the detail (particularly as regards the chronology of the poems) will require correction; and the critical idiom of the book sometimes reads a little strangely. I have always doubted whether Yeats's mind lends itself to psychological interpretation. Its depth and complexity, the overtones that are, perhaps, elusive to the ear that is unfamiliar with Anglo-Irish speech, are not easily captured for purposes of analysis; nor does that histrionic, irrational, magnificently fertile mind lend itself—as yet—to analysis. Professor Ellmann's title is *The Identity of Yeats*. He seeks this identification in nine main chapters: The Search for Limits, Assertion without Doctrine, Iconography, The Pursuit of Spontaneity, Style and Rhetoric, Symbols and Rituals in the Later Poetry, The Final Form of Experience, and The Art of Yeats: Affirmative Capability. Each chapter is divided into subheadings which are often quite brief: *e.g.*, Ideas Overpowered, Reconstructing the Phantasmagoria, Cultivated Extravagance. These subdivisions are laden with judgments which are compact, often stimulating, nearly always delivered with an enviable certainty, sometimes with an air of the utmost and authoritative finality. Yet the final impression is of a book designed to convey definite judgments on the poems at a particular level; a level connected, one suspects, with instruction at a University; and at the same time to announce the author's findings on a number of separate points arising out of unpublished material. Of the identity of Yeats Professor Ellmann gives us little more than we knew; and this, I think, is one of the merits of the book. For, whatever horses the critic may choose to plough with, the poetic identity—whatever meaning one may attach to the term—is more complex and subtle than any analysis, psychological or otherwise, can ever suggest. The author is wise to quote liberally, but he is not always content to let the poetry speak for itself. And when we allow it to speak, when we realize that attempts to analyse rhythms and prosodic effects are insignificant for purposes other than the lecture-room, we are aware of a richness and depth, layer upon layer, proper to poetry that is thought "in the marrowbone." We may be grateful that criticism can never tear down the last veils.

T. R. HENN

THE PRICE OF FRUSTRATION

Oppression. By TADEUSZ GRYGIER. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Crime and the Services. By JOHN SPENCER. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Each of these reports was the main part of a thesis accepted by the University of London for a Ph.D. degree, and each considers, in a different context but with a striking similarity of care and objectivity, the psychological changes produced in people subjected to various forms of oppression and uniformity of control. The influence of Dr. Hermann Mannheim, who supervised each programme of research and writes a foreword to each book, is manifest in the author's self-discipline and their constant recognition and repulsion of ideas that may have ben preconceived and, therefore, invalid.

Dr. Grygier's study of the social and criminal psychology of people who, like himself, were Polish "displaced persons," a study pursued in various parts of post-war Europe under immense difficulties of language, frontier restriction, and personal poverty, must have involved him in acute emotional experiences. They do not colour his report. At the end of an analysis in which, as he says himself, he has shown no mercy to the subjects he loved so much, he records that oppression produces in its victims an increased predilection to psychopathy and crime and an increased readiness to blame others for it. There is also a positive correlation between crime, with its tendency to direct aggression outwards, and neurosis, which turns aggression inwards. His book has an importance for criminologists which is in no sense diminished by the fact that its conclusions may be empirically accessible; the emergence in recent years of gigantic totalitarian states, erecting oppression into a principle and a faith, depriving millions of their freedom, food and clothing, love, home, privacy, dignity, and hope, has laid bare to the student the whole structure of morality and the springs of conduct.

Dr. Spencer's book concerns the effect of life in the armed forces on criminal behaviour and predilection. He, too, accordingly studies a form of attack on the dignity of personality that can equally be called oppression, for all that it may here and there have beneficial results. Does Army life "make good men better and bad men worse"? He spent busily inquisitive periods at Dartmoor and Maidstone prisons and at Sherwood Borstal, with free access to case records (of varying and, except at Maidstone, indifferent value to the research worker), to prison staff of all grades, and to prisoners and Borstal trainees themselves. And he found on the one hand that Service life *per se* is not a means of rehabilitating the delinquent civilian, and on the other hand that it does not make crooks, though the tradition of the "brutal and licentious soldiery" will die hard. The "criminogenic influences of Service life" are to be found in all the attendant circumstances—family separation, interrupted working life, contrasts in standards of living. The accumulated experience of the Services in dealing with the dull and backward finds full recognition in Dr. Spencer's analysis:

> The old argument that the dull soldier makes a good infantryman, if it needs any further disproof than Lord Wavell's description of the qualities required in the good soldier, is further weakened by the presence in military prisons of backward soldiers posted to the wrong unit, and their consequent improvement on being sent to the Pioneer Corps.

And the study of Service delinquents supports developments in penal reform in the civilian field, in particular the general trend away from retribution and deterrence and towards character reform. "During World War I," says Dr. Spencer, "there were few more tragic and more useless punishments than the shooting of the deserter at dawn." (3,080 death sentences were passed, and 346 carried out. 266 of them were for desertion.) In World War II there were more desertions, but "the disposal of this large group of men, following a thorough examination of their history and personality, provides a most interesting contrast."

Dr. Spencer's is the first detailed, scientific analysis of British Army life in all its aspects and its special relation to crime. As Dr. Mannheim says in his Foreword, "it could be written only by a scholar thoroughly conversant not only with criminological literature and penological practice but also with the realities of Service life." The publishers have performed an outstanding service to sociology in making these two brilliant reports available for general study.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW NOVELS

The Ponder Heart. By EUDORA WELTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Golden Princess. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Tents Against the Sky. By ROBERT EKVALL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Romantic Egoists. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Three good travel books and one novel. At least that's my opinion. True, Eudora Welty is writing about her own habitual country, a small town in a Southern state. But she uses so much local colour that it looks like a tourist's paradise. As such it is very good. In spite of being called "the most beautiful prose stylist in American fiction since Willa Cather" (hear that clock tick?) she is always excellent fun to read:

> "Now Ma'am," says the cross-examining counsel, "The State has been having themselves quite a time over a message Mr. Daniel Ponder is supposed to have sent his wife just two days before her death. . . . This message ran, 'I'm going to kill you dead, Miss Bonnie Dee, if you don't take me back.' Now Ma'am, did you ever hear remarks like that spoken in the Ponder household?"
>
> "Why certainly," I says. "It was a perfectly normal household. Threats flew all the time . . ."

There are no flat spots; the richness is positively Celtic, manna on a hungry land. It takes a bilious and novel-sated reviewer to remark that the plot is rather corny and the characters too golden-hearted. For anyone who wants a lively picture of a small town, of heat and neighbours and backchat and sudden death, it can be confidently recommended.

The Golden Princess on the other hand is a serious journey, both in time and space. It is the story of the Indian princess called Marina who accompanied Cortes throughout the conquest of Mexico. This astonishing woman, who has become a legend in her own country, served constantly as Cortes's intermediary with the Indian tribes, and impressed them so much that they

I'm off

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to get a book about it. They have books on every possible subject.

gave Cortes a name meaning simply "Marina's man." She bore him a son, who was brought up as a Spaniard and his heir. After the conquest she married one of his generals and settled peaceably in the capital, making it her business to champion the conquered Indians. It takes gruelling hard work to make such a story convincing. Alexander Baron succeeds; camps, tribes, scenery are all admirably solid, and beyond that he is able, without over-confidence, to illuminate something of that astonishing inner conflict which shook the representatives of the two worlds when they met. There are none of these smug characters who know all the answers and are the ruin of most historical novels. It is a conflict of barbarisms. Montezuma is an emperor and a gentleman; his manners make the Spaniards feel like bears; his honour is sacred, and his city is a paradise. But his gods are fed unceasingly on the steam of human hearts, and his whole system of government centres on the provision of victims for sacrifice. A people sapped by such a religion will go no further in civilisation. The Spaniards preach, and even believe, a better religion, but have very little regard for human life and none for treaties. In such dilemmas it is reasonable to show a powerful personality like Marina's as developing, first to accept the Spanish point of view, then to criticise it and stand apart from both sides. Her character does not seem to me overpainted, and the other main figures are real and varied enough. If there is a failure it is with Cortes himself, who comes out as unbelievably loathsome. But one cannot be fair to everybody, and it is certainly hard to like the man who destroyed so much on such flimsy justification.

Tents Against the Sky is a novel about Tibet. Its author has lived there, and wrote a notable book about it called *Tibetan Skylines*. He has now composed a story into which he has crammed lovingly every element in the life of a nomad—tents, yaks, monks, raids, ballads, butter on the face, butter in the tea, butter (no end of it) for the devouring and sinister Lama, a trading journey, a pilgrimage, and finally conversion by a Christian missionary. The result is a very pleasing picture of a tough, cheerful, friendly, gifted, yet devil-ridden people. Personally, I gobbled up all the manners and customs, complaining only that there are too many mysterious *tsangs* and *dzakwas* which ought to be translated. And the author makes out a good case on the only point where he is disposed to criticise his Tibetans—the pernicious influence of the monasteries.

The Romantic Egoists, I repeat, is a novel. Nothing controversial is intended—but while all the other three books are telescopes skilfully revealing small, bright, distant scenes, this one is a rich house into which you walk, and its author is not the concealed mechanic, but the host who shows you round. It consists of eight sketches of the narrator's friends, from his childhood to his early thirties—"a reflection in eight mirrors" the author calls it. It is a book of quite remarkable distinction and solidity. The method is rather like Anthony Powell's—there is a similar dry reticence, a similar quiet building up of surprises from everyday incidents. But where Mr. Powell sticks out his legs and beams at you, Mr. Auchincloss, being a *New Yorker* writer, screws the pressure up till something explodes—and in his case that something is not just another taut nerve, it is a new idea. Not all the sketches are equally thought-provoking; one or two are a trifle self-satisfied. But most of them are brilliant essays in that most difficult theme, change of character. Butterflies turn into caterpillars, stones into bread, faces into stone. Hardly anybody has the nerve to contemplate these things. Mr. Auchincloss, cucumber-cool, can watch them happening to himself.

MARY SCRUTTON

The most recent titles to be added to the Miniature series of reprints (Rodale Press, 5s. each) are Machiavelli's *novella, Belphagor*; Wellington's letters to the friend of his last years, *My Dear Mrs. Jones*; and *The Story of Jephthah*, with a commentary on the historical background.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Hitler and the English. By FRITZ HESSE. *Wingate.* 18s.

The skirmishers in every great conflict imagine that they see the field more clearly. They even like to think that battles would be better conducted if only the general would listen to them. Herr Hesse is one of these. German press representative in England before 1939 and one of Ribbentrop's advisers on English affairs during the war, he often saw himself as the architect of an Anglo-German reconciliation. In much the same way, members of M.E.W. or P.W.E. thought that they could improve on the Prime Minister's conduct of British policy; and perhaps they were right. The most dramatic part of the book tells how Herr Hesse carried Hitler's secret offer of peace to Sir Horace Wilson in Downing Street just before the outbreak of war; and, indefatigable to the end, Herr Hesse even hoped to make peace through Swedish intermediaries in April, 1945.

No doubt all this happened, though perhaps not on the scale that he now claims. The general picture he gives is not new. Ribbentrop appears much as he does in his own memoirs—well-meaning, a man of peace, his advice too often ignored. It is claimed that Hitler always loved England, and words are put into his mouth which seem to prove it. Not only, we are told, did Hitler wish the British Empire well: he was anxious to defend it, and his crusade against Bolshevism was as much for the sake of Great Britain as for his own. In fact, if one accepts Herr Hesse's judgments, there seems nothing to choose in merit between Hitler and Dr. Adenauer. If only Herr Hesse had been a little more persuasive or a little more influential we could have had all the blessings of alliance with Germany in 1939.

Studies in Literature and Belief. By MARTIN JARRETT-KERR. *Rockliff.* 15s.

A few years ago, as "Father William Tiverton," Father Jarrett-Kerr published a most stimulating study of D. H. Lawrence and more recently he has written a small book on Mauriac. He now turns his attention to a subject which has been worrying literary critics ever since Dr. I. A. Richards first sprung it upon them thirty years ago: the relation between a writer and his beliefs. Father Jarrett-Kerr is very skilful in the close examination of a text: it is his chief critical tool, and the value of his book consists largely upon the diverse range of writing he uses it upon.

He says baldly enough in his first chapter that "the relationship between belief and artistic practice differs at different times," and in the course of his short book he shows how it existed for the ballad-writers, for Calderon during the Counter-Reformation, for Manzone in *I Promessi Sposi*, for Dostoevsky ("The Agony of Belief") and for C. F. Ramuz. In his final chapter, "Pilgrims or Explorers?", he considers the problem of the relationship as it emerges in the works of some contemporary writers, men of belief in an age marked by the "erosion of the imaginative soil." These include Bernanos, Claudel, Graham Greene, Mauriac, Bazin and Supervielle. He is, as is now fashionable, much less than just to Mr. Greene, whose commercial success will not, it seems, easily be forgiven him. But generally Father Jarrett-Kerr is an understanding as well as a learned critic, as witness, for example, his remarks on Kafka. He knows that it is no longer possible for the writer to "take belief, unargued for, as the background to his picture of life," and he does not use his beliefs as a measuring-rod of the success or failure of the writers he discusses.

Social Change in South-West Wales. By T. BRENNAN, E. W. COONEY and H. POLLINS. *Watts.* 21s.

Writing about Swansea before the first World War, Edward Thomas entitled his article "Swansea Village." He wasn't popular for doing so because Swansea people thought they were living in a big town, but he had put his finger on a point about the part of the world, one which this book tries to explain: the capacity of the people to make villages out of towns gives heavy industry an agricultural aura

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OCTOBER EDITOR: EMILE BURNS

TOWARDS PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE by *George Matthews*. AN ESTIMATION OF LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON'S 'A SCOTS QUAIR' by *Ian Milner*. THE CONTRIBUTION OF PAVLOV TO MEDICINE by *Ruscoe Clark*. ARBITRATION IN INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES by *J. Hendy*. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION by *George E. Rude*.

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and creates, instead of a proletariat, communities of individual craftsmen. The forces of mass-production in the steel, tin and coal industries, and English-language mass-culture through newspapers, cinema, radio and TV and all the rest of the city lights, have done a lot to change the society and are doing more all the time.

This is the change the authors, who are not Welshmen, explore and annotate so lucidly. The old tie-up between trade union and chapel is breaking down; the chapel grows less all-mighty, the unions stronger but with power increasingly centralised. In the factories the old paternalism disappears, in the home the patriarchy crumbles; the pastor still influences the people who are supposed to represent the people, but nothing like as much as he used to. Materialism which, until very recently, was genuinely and widely considered sinful, is making great strides. The younger generations for whom there are prospects in the new factories are moving from these villages to the quite cosmopolitan, and certainly anglicised, conurbation on the coast-line. Of course, with the changing order has gone a great deal of cant and intolerance, but also a lot that seems to have attracted the authors, who try to be objective and restrained. They might well have been less restrained because they have an extremely fascinating and "human" story to tell which should interest a larger audience than sociologists. It should, for example, interest Englishmen because it will clear up some misconceptions about the Welsh, and also interest Welshmen for the same reason.

The Romantic Ballet in England. By IVOR GUEST. *Phoenix.* 25*s.*

In this history of the rise and decline of the English romantic ballet, Mr. Guest gives an account of the London productions, with their surrounding scandals and squibbles that involved managers, dancers, choreographers and rich patrons; these being illustrated by quotations from contemporary newspapers and journals. Excerpts of this kind almost always make a far stronger impression than any later historical summary, but being rather short they here give a somewhat scrappy effect to the book as a whole.

Mr. Guest pays proper credit to Benjamin Lumley, the great impresario of romantic ballet, who was responsible for employing the most important dancers and *maîtres de ballet* of the time. He it was who brought Jules Perrot to London and assembled the four most famous ballerinas of their day to dance together in the *Pas de Quatre*. When Taglioni, Cerrito, Grisi and Essler were all gathered, Lumley gave instructions to Perrot that "every twinkle of each foot in every *pas* had to be nicely weighed in the balance, so as to give no preponderance." But inevitably at the last moment there was a quarrel. Grisi and Cerrito disputed who should have precedence in the last variation, and Perrot was in despair. The astute Jewish manager settled the matter. "Let the oldest take her unquestionable right to the envied position," he said. Naturally, neither wanted to go before the other and Perrot was allowed to decide. With this and many other period anecdotes, Mr. Guest makes his book pleasant reading; while at the end is an excellent appendix listing all the ballets produced at the principal London theatres from 1700 to 1865.

The Negro and the Schools. By HARRY S. ASHMORE. *North Carolina University Press. Oxford.* 22*s.*

The "separate but equal" doctrine, governing race relations in the U.S., established by decision of the U.S. Supreme Court in *Plessy v. Ferguson* (1896), was never more than a legal fiction whereby the South was permitted to preserve its "peculiar institution," the 14th Amendment to the Constitution notwithstanding. Within the last 20 years, in a succession of cases strategically chosen by the Negro leaderships, the Court's interpretation of the "equality" requirement increased in strictness to the point where it was evidently only a matter of time before equality and segregation were pronounced mutually incompatible. The South, confronted with this threat, has since 1940 moved rapidly in an attempt to give reality to the *Plessy* doctrine in the hope of staving off the "disaster" of educational integration, which is now on the Court's ruling of May 17, 1954, required by the Federal Constitution. It is surprising to learn, for instance, that Mississippi, with a *per capita* income only 38 per cent. that of New York, not only spends 5 per cent. more of its *per capita* income on education than New York but in 1952 spent 38 per cent. more on capital outlay per pupil for Negro schools than for White. This first volume summary of the findings of 45 scholars, engaged in a Ford Foundation study of the "structure of bi-racial education" under the direction of the Editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, is a sober and honest account of American achievements in this difficult field.

Rocks and Olives. By SHIRLEY DEANE. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a light-weight, engaging sketch-book by a young Australian woman who with her painter husband and small son rented a house in a remote mountain village above Positano. What originally led them to Monte Pertuso is not disclosed, but one would like to know this, for the welcome that they received—half the villagers saluting them with kisses—is not typical of the way in which Southern Italian peasants take foreign strangers into their midst. Readers of Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli* will scarcely credit that they are in much the same territory. This is not to say that the picture is consciously sentimentalised; only that the author's warm-hearted relish for the traditional way of life that she shared for a while has led her to present it as almost idyllic. Her impressions of individual villagers are shrewd, humorous and compassionate, but the community as a whole scarcely carries conviction. Apart from one not really malevolent witch, and a werewolf who anyway lived in the next village, all the inhabitants of Monte Pertuso appear to be good-hearted, fanatically generous, industrious and strictly honest. Essentially this is an "escape" book, the record of a happy sojourn among people almost untouched by the twentieth century.

The chronicle has no particular shape. The best parts of it are written in a vigorous and vivid way, with a good ear for idiom and a good eye for physical detail, whether human or regional; but sometimes the writing sags to the level of slightly facetious jottings in a journal. The illustrations can be graded on a descending scale from inoffensive to disastrous.

New and revised editions have appeared of C. S. Orwin's *The Open Fields* (Oxford, 30*s.*), W. I. B. Beveridge's *Art of Scientific Investigation* (Heinemann, 10*s.* 6*d.*), the late Frank Mumby's *Publishing and Bookselling* (Cape, 28*s.*), and Legouis' and Cazamian's *History of English Literature* (Dent, 18*s.*).

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,282

Set by Naomi Lewis

Applicants for the position of Delphic Sibyl—shortly to be reinstituted—are required to submit a suitable question, and an answer, in not less than four and not more than eight lines of oracular verse. Readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit their applications.

Report by Naomi Lewis

An intruding comma made the terms of the application a little ambiguous—not fatally so, though it should have been clear to perceptive candidates that the *question* need not also be in oracular verse. An exchange of this sort between fellow professionals would be interesting, no doubt, but surely outside the bounds of the inquiry. Still, the revival of this useful office is evidently welcomed, both by career-seekers and inquiring laymen. As for the terms of its mystery, to our recollection the sibyl preferred a question not particularly intimate; rendered an answer not particularly scrutable; and most entrants observed the double convention. One who did not (P. M.) scored by suggesting a technique that would satisfy the *scientific* sleuths. Posts will be found in suitable caves for Pibwob, P. M., Edward Blishen, and H. J. R. (a guinea retainer for each); and for Leslie Johnson, D. L. L. Clarke—who also gave a version in Greek—A. M. Sayers and Alberick (half a guinea each). Others who were short-listed are John Lincoln, Nancy Gunter and H. R. Bramley.

THE SIBYL'S REPLY

Q. Who will be Prime Minister after the next General Election?
A. One who is tried in office, he
Bears in his name a doubled "E";
With him there's naught under the lee;
Labour owns his fidelity;
He party-broadcasts ardently;
Far has he travelled oversea.

Notes. Line 2 points to Atl*EE*, confirmed by line 3 "under the *LEE*" in the crossword connotation of "after the lee." But true to tradition, the Sibyl safeguards herself. Sp*Enc*E*r* Churchill, *Ed*E*n*, Aust*E*n Butl*E*r, and An*E*urin B*E*van all have the

"doubled E"; "under the lee" means sheltered, a life which none of them live; "labour" can mean hard work, to which all are faithful; and all five have been tried in office, have made party broadcasts, and have travelled oversea. PIBWOB

(*The postulant is required to kneel and whisper his questions at the entrance to the small concave chamber in which the tripod is set up, pausing briefly for each reply.*)

What shall my life be, Sibyl o Sibyl? *Passable . . . passable.*
What shall my luck be, Sibyl o Sibyl? *Possible . . . possible.*
What shall my love be, Sibyl o Sibyl? *Kissable . . . kissable.*
What shall my wife be, Sibyl o Sibyl? *Jezebel . . . Jezebel.*
Is this the truth or not, Sibyl o Sibyl? *Not a syllable . . . a syllable.*

It will be seen that this method makes use of the psychology of auto-suggestion simultaneously with a modern echo-device, thus ensuring satisfaction to clients even in the unavoidable absence of the Oracle on, for instance, Wednesday afternoons. P. M.

Q. Is the Novel dead?
A. (*To be spoken in a tone of feeble profundity*).
What is dead must needs have thrown
Off the flesh and turned all Bow'n.
When years expire, were ever seen
Falling leaves that still were Greene?
The newly born, the nearly dead,
Are both by Priestley counsel led.
If aught has perished, we return it
To dreadful death's accompt and burn it.
EDWARD BLISHEN

Q. Can you say, oh writhing Seer
On your three supporting rods
What will win the Oaks this year?
A. Yes. The Favourite——of the Gods.
H. J. R.

Q. When will man reach the moon?
A. Half we see of heaven's queen;
Half has ever hidden been.
Half an answer is allowed;
Half must still be wrapped in shroud.
Man will reach that far-off land
In A.D. nineteen hundred and—
LESLIE JOHNSON

Q. To live escaping death's unpitying day
Since others wish it, Phoebus, so I may;
But where on earth to search for safety, pray?
A. Where man may live secure there is no place,
For Mars strides grim o'er earth; yet saving grace
Is his. Fly up and seek his realm in space.
D. L. L. CLARKE

Q. Is life worth living?
A. My answer, when you ask, "Is life worth living?"
Is one that I can see no point in giving,
For those who find life hateful will not heed it,
And those who find life good will never need it.
A. M. SAYERS

Q. From thee, O Sibyl, I would learn the date
Of Dissolution, and the ensuing Fate
Of Politicians and of Parties in the State.

A. When Eden's Cherub sheathes his flaming Sword
At least tomorrow might appear assured;
Yet nigh the Serpent by that Eden Lurks,
And fissured Faith may not prevail o'er Works.
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CHESS: Our Study Competition

No. 262

Our study competition has received some friendly boosts in the foreign press, and entries have been coming in from across the Channel as well as the oceans; even more, of course, from this country, and some, I am glad to say, from the ranks of our regular competitors. Since several newcomers have asked for more time and for a restatement of terms the final date for entries to reach this office has been postponed to Nov. 1. The four prizes range from 4 gns. to 1 gn. The interest in endgame studies—even among inveterate problemists—seems to be universally increasing, and our reigning champion is taking a commendable lead in stressing the value of studies for improving one's endgame technique.

Moreover—and unlike most of his predecessors on the throne—Botvinnik is taking a growing interest in composition. Here—White to win—is one of his more recent pieces, and a very instructive one too. Most solvers would first try the obvious "temptation" to win the QP: (1) K-B5, K-Kt3, (2) K-K5, K-B3, (3) K-K6, K-B2! (4) K x P, K-Q2, (5) K-B5, K-B2. As this leads nowhere and as (1) K-B6? is countered by K-Kt3 gaining the "distant opposition," one would soon stumble on to the basic idea: how to utilise the fact that, at a crucial moment, the P on a6 will rob Black of a vital "oppositional" square. (1) K-B5, K-Kt3, (2) K-B6!, K-Kt2, (3) K-B7, K-Kt1, (4) K-K6, K-B2, (5) K-K7, K-B3, (6) K-Q8, K-Q3, (7) K-B8, K-B3, (8) K-Kt8, K-Kt3, (9) K-R8, etc. If (3) . . . K-Kt3, (4) K-K8, K-B3, (5) K-Q8, K-Q3, (6) K-B8, etc.

Now here—White to draw—is another interesting endgame-study of Botvinnik's. It is by no means as easy as it looks; for White has no time to go after the Kt, he must just restrain it while getting rid of the Black pawns. (1) K-B3, P-B4, (2) P-Q5 ch, K-K4, (3) P x P, P x P, (4) P-Kt4! P x P, (5) P-Q6, K x P, (6) K-Q4, etc. If (3) . . . K x P White has time for (4) K-Kt2; and if (4) . . . P-B5, (5) P-Q6, K x P, (6) K-Q4, just like in the principal variation.

A: M. Botvinnik 1939

In this week's competition we may as well pay some more homage to the world champion. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which, playing Black, he brought about a spectacular win after White had blundered by (1) Q-B2. **B**—White to win—is another one of those tricky P-endings, probably underrated at 6 points, and **C**—White to draw—is a classic by one of the greatest composers. It should be well worth 7 ladder-points.

B: M. Botvinnik 1945

C: R. M. Kasparjan 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by October 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 259. Set September 18

A: (1) R x Kt ch, K x R, (2) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt, (3) Q-R8 ch, K-B2, (4) Q x P mate.
B: (1) P-R7 ch, K x P, (2) B-R4, R x B ch, (3) B B2 ch! R x B ch, (4) K-B3, etc.
C: (1) R-Q4, Q-Kt6, (2) R-Q5 ch, K-B5, (3) Kt-R3 ch, K-K5, (4) Kt x P ch, K-B5, (5) Kt-R3 ch, K-K5, (6) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-B5, (7) Kt-K6 ch, K-K5, (8) Kt-B5 ch, K-B5, (9) R-Kt5! Q-R7 (10) Kt-K6 ch, K-K5, (11) K-K2, Q-Q3, (12) Kt-B5 ch, K-B5, (13) P-Kt3 ch, etc.
If (1) . . . Q-B3, (2) R-Q7! Q-QB3! (3) Kt-B3 ch, K-B3, (4) R-KB7 ch! etc.

In spite of **B** and particularly **C** being very tough nuts indeed I got well over a dozen flawless solutions and quite a few near misses, dropping a mere point or two. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. C. Cock, J. R. Harman, F. A. Rhoden.
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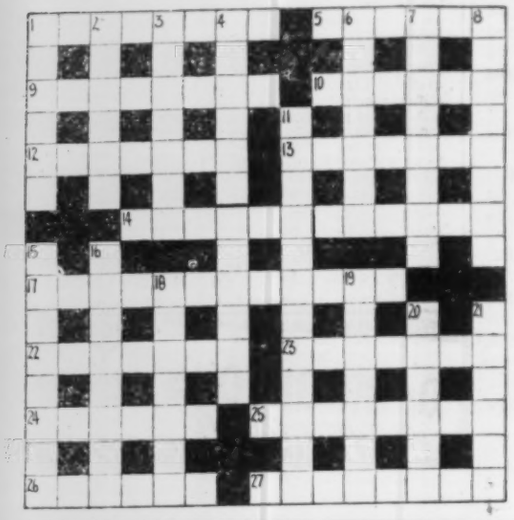

ACROSS

1. Flowers intimidate the fielders (8).
5. Eastern capital with a page and English monarch (6).
9. The likeness conclusively reveals one characteristic (8).
10. The sage avails in one way (6).
12. Concerning a large river with nothing at the start but a great deal in the middle (7).
13. Not a bright start to the day in the cave (7).
14. Article which would destroy a triumvirate? (6, 6).
17. Trains not stopping at Exchange? (12).
22. Book for the French team to study (7),
23. Break—it is a saucer that is smashed (7).
24. Drink, although there is a feeder in most of the time (6).
25. It may be pressing, like a tart embracing someone who is inexperienced (8).
26. "The great grey-green, —— Limpopo river" (Kipling) (6).
27. Watered; if there were no dry change inside it would be loathed (8).

DOWN

1. Hooded fowl? (6).
2. Bowler who has a battle with age when running up (6).
3. Learning and sober love for school (7).
4. "G.R. in pretence" would be one way of describing him (6, 6).
6. Obliteration of an age for certain (7).
7. After the departure of the Light Infantry the sick seem to have joined the nursing organisation (8).
8. Weight spoils school books (8).
11. A pity the call is sadly misrepresented (12).
15. The instructor's job is boring (8).
16. It may bend and escape about eleven pounds up (8).
18. Devil in copper vehicle (7).
19. Town in which a heavy writer loses weight (7).
20. "My castles are my King's alone, from —— to foundation-stone" (Scott) (6).
21. Washed earth for gold, as it turned out (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 119

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TIBET is represented for the first time in China's Assembly. Here is the Dalai Lama's speech there as Tibetan deputy, to commemorate the 5th Anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic, in the October "Labour Monthly." See also R. Page Arnot's article, "Taiwan and Manila." Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or 3 NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

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"HOUSING Programme in U.S.S.R." Important long article by A. Nikolayev. Also new Ministries, etc. Architecture and Planning Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 2 (O.S. 36), 1s. 6d., post, &c., 3d., from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

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SOVIET Education: Morality & Discipline. Problems of behaviour. Soviet Education Bulletin No. 3, special issue. Articles by Prof. Goncharov, A. Borisova & I. Kairov (R.S.F.S.R. Education Minister). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 1s. 6d. (post, &c., 3d.).

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PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

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"Most interesting to me is the discovery that six million copies of News Chronicle booklets called I-Spy were bought...They are an admirable series, well produced, interesting, unusual, and because they are real and interesting, educative. The I-Spy Annual, which costs five shillings, is one of the best things of this kind I have ever seen. It is a lie and an illusion that children are only interested in what is ugly, cruel, and perverted."

"London Diary", New Statesman, September 18th.

The quality of I-SPY reflects the soundness and good taste of the

NEWS CHRONICLE

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

COURT of Session, Scotland. The Accountant of Court. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post in Edinburgh, vacant in March, 1955. Candidates should preferably be between the ages of 35 and 50, but those outside these limits may be considered if exceptionally qualified. They must have administrative capacity; membership of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Scotland is desirable or other like professional qualification or experience. The Accountant of Court is responsible inter alia for the supervision of all Scottish Judicial factories and sequestrations. Salary: £1,800 per annum, somewhat lower for women. Further particulars and application form from Establishment Division, Scottish Home Department, Room 367, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, 1. Application forms to be returned by November 1.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University proposes to appoint a Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Philosophy. The salary range is—for a Senior Lecturer £1,092 8s. × £50—£1,292 8s. p.a., and for a Lecturer £892 8s. × £50—£1,042 8s. p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on Nov. 15.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster, Woodberry Down School, Stoke Newington, N.4. Headmistress, Mrs. H. R. Chetwynd, B.A. A new secondary school for about 1,250 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will serve the Woodberry Down housing estate and the neighbouring residential area. A secondary school providing a five-year course is being transferred to the new school. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application form EO/TS10 (Woodberry Down) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 22. (1316.)

CITY of Birmingham. Assistant to Statistician. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant (male or female) in the Central Statistical Office of the Town Clerk's Department. Candidates should have a University Degree in Science, Mathematics or Economics. Experience of research involving the analysis and interpretation of mass data will be an advantage. Salary APT. IV (£580 × £15—£625). Applications, giving age, where educated, details of degrees, diplomas, etc., particulars of any previous occupations, including details of statistical training and experience, with names of three referees, to the Town Clerk, Room 30B, Council House, Birmingham, 1, not later than October 16, 1954. J. F. Gregg, Town Clerk, Council House, Birmingham, 1.

ESSEX. Applications are invited for posts of Educational Psychologist; (a) at a full-time two-team Clinic at Ilford, and (b) at a full-time one-team Clinic opening in the South Essex Division. Work includes remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent, and have had Clinical training at a recognised training centre for Child Guidance Work. Salary, Grade II Soulbury Scale. Further particulars and application form (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

CLINICAL Psychologist. Applications are invited for two vacancies in the Psychological Department of a Hospital for Mental Defectives. Salary scale from £415 to £850 per annum. National Health Services terms and conditions. Work deals mainly with social training of high-grade defectives. Further details on application to the Medical Superintendent, Monyhull Hall, King's Heath, Birmingham 14.

WHY Not Be A Tuberculosis Nurse? Do you know that you can become a fully trained Tuberculosis Nurse in two years and be paid during training an allowance of £230-£240 a year, plus dependant's allowance, and a special allowance of £60 on completion of two years' training? Full Tuberculosis Staff Nurse's salary (£347 10s.-£447 10s. a year) payable from date of passing final examination. Modern nurses' home with separate bedrooms and good recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, The Bow Arrow Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MINISTRY of Agriculture and Fisheries: Librarian Grade III. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable appointment at the Veterinary Laboratory, Weybridge, Surrey. Age at least 30 on May 1, 1954. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Candidates must have had considerable experience (preferably technical) of library work. A degree in Science subject and knowledge of languages, particularly German, an advantage. Salary: men £790-£955, women £680-£820. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4379/54. Applic. forms to be returned by October 28.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Appointment of County Lecturer of Needlecraft Subjects. Applications are invited from persons with appropriate qualifications and experience for the full-time appointment of County Lecturer in Needlecraft Subjects. The person appointed will be required to conduct classes and courses for needlecraft teachers in primary and secondary schools and in establishments for further education, and to assist in the supervision of such work. The lecturer's work will also include lectures to women's organisations throughout the county. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Teachers plus a special responsibility allowance of £80 per annum, together with car and subsistence allowances. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom they should be returned by October 16. V. Clark, Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Desford Boys' School, Nr. Leicester. Applications are invited from State Registered Nurses for the post of Resident Nurse to be responsible for the health of the boys at this Junior Approved School (140 boys aged 11-15 years). The school is situated eight miles west of Leicester. Salary and conditions of service are as laid down by the Whitley Council with a commencing salary of £425 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £545 per annum. A deduction of £145 per annum is made for board residence, etc. Applications, which should be accompanied by two recent testimonials and the names of two referees, should be addressed to the Headmaster, Desford Boys' School, Desford, Leicester, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date for application is within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £478—£637. Application forms and details from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and returnable by November 1, 1954. (1291).

KENT Education Committee. Resident supervisors (male and female) of children required, November, Valence Boarding Special School, Westerham (80 physically handicapped children, ages 7 to 15, no bed cases). Salary—men, £375 × £15 – £435, women: £330 × £15 – £390; deduction of £100 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Appointment of married couple for joint post or of married man considered—flat available. Applications with two recent testimonials and names of two referees to Divisional Education Officer, 39 Grove Hill Rd., Tunbridge Wells, by October 16.

SHROPSHIRE. Qualified teacher reqd. by small school for maladjusted children. Gen. subjects, science, interested games or art and craft. Exp. essential. Vacancy January next or earlier. Reply Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, nr. Warrington, Lancs. Special School for 50 Maladjusted Boys (Ministry of Education No. 450/7000). Deputy Headmaster (result of promotion). Responsible to the Headmaster for the educational side of the School. Supervision duties in out of school hours. Burnham Scale for Special School plus £50 responsibility allowance and a house in the school grounds. The following post is vacant from January, 1955. Write to the Headmaster for further details and application forms.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable, but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. month, less valuation emoluments. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer, female. Communications, stating full particulars, exper., etc., should be addressed to Assistant Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS required for posts of Field Work Organiser and Case-Worker. Salaries within the scale of £220-£420, according to qualifications and experience, plus full residence. Applications to Family Service Unit, 82 Bootham, York.

THE Society of Industrial Artists requires the services of a full-time Executive Secretary from February, 1955. Applicants should have experience of administrative work of comparable character and, if possible, capacity for conducting public relations; some knowledge of the field of design would be an asset. Salary from £650-£850 p.a. according to qualifications. Applications to Hon. Secretary, S.I.A., 7 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, by not later than November 1.

EX-SERVICE women, and others, who are educated, adaptable and between 25 and 40, are wanted for Y.W.C.A. work with the British Forces in Germany. They staff bookshops, canteens and social centres. Minimum contract, one year. Write Services Secretary, 108 Baker St., London, W.1.

TELEVISION Service Engineer; also suitable Trainee. London, N.W.3. Good opportunity for capable men. State age and details of career. Box 1322.

THE Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement reqs. Girls' Club Leader. Apply in writing, stating qualifs. to Mrs. Sopel, Deputy Warden, 33 Berner Street, E.1.

EXPD. manageress to run and build Empl. Agency. Full part-time. Box 1439.

RESIDENT cook for Students' Hostel (44); good kitchen help available in household where consideration and intelligence are valued. 80 Lewisham Way, S.E.14.

WOMAN gardener or land girl wanted for two acres private garden; live in, also odd jobs and occasional baby sitting. Dunnett, Suncroft, Chorley Wood. Tel. 862.

ORGANISER required by S.E. District of Workers' Educational Association for work in North West Kent. Salary scale: £500-£600 per annum. Application forms and further particulars from: The District Secretary, W.E.A., 6 New Rd., Chatham, Kent. Closing date: November 5.

MARRIED couple, man Handyman, preferably knowledge decorating, carpentry; wife high-class cook. Country. Good conditions. Details: Box 1504.

SURGEON, working in large Lancashire industrial town, wishes to engage secretary who has exper. medical work and is willing to devote time to compilation of case records. An appreciation of the Arts wd. not be deemed a disadvantage. Box 935.

ASSISTANT Secretary required for Standing Conference of National Voluntary Youth Organisations. Work includes office administration, preparation of reports, interviews; good secretarial qualifications essential; experience of youth work an advantage. Salary £500 p.a. Applications with 3 testimonials to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, by Oct. 25.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leic. Sq., reqs. Box Office Assistant with knowl. typing, for evenings only. Interviews 6-7 p.m.

MEDICAL Secretary for Children's Psychiatric Department, The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., London, E.2. Working for Doctors, Psychologists, and Psychiatric Social Workers. Shorthand and typing essential. Superannuable post on scale £320 p.a. (age 21) rising to £435 p.a. with possible additions to the commencing salary. Applics. stating age & exper. to Secretary.

INTELLIGENT shorthand-typist reqd. for interesting half-time work at zoological institution, Regent's Pk. area. Box 1440.

SECRETARY Warden for small home for studs, with cultural activities. Box 1405.

SHORTHAND-Typist required, general office duties, interesting, non-commercial post, with prospects. Box 1406.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted. The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

EDUCATED Englishwomen are offered a good choice of worthwhile secretarial posts. Some with languages. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist reqd., well-educated beginner with good speeds would be considered. Salary according to age & exp. Apply immediately to Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Pl., W.1.

PART-time shorthand-typist for social work organisation. Might suit older woman. Ring TER. 1890/TER. 2141 for parties.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD Graduate, 34, ex-W.L.A., car driver, secretl. and Local Government exp., working knowledge French, German, seeks responsible, pref. resident, post in country environment: school, college, estate; southern counties; varied interests, incl. riding, ornithology, clay modelling. Box 1450.

MAN aged 32, British subject, experience engineering, farming, holds pilot's licence (R.A.F. trained over 1,000 hrs.), own car. Will do anything, go anywhere. No ties. Suggestions welcomed. Box 1443.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

PUBLISHING: Young man, 28, Etonian, unmarried, seeks position in Publishing, preferably with small, but well-established, House, affording opportunity to help with future build up. Serving officer, 9 years commissioned service. Varied experience in appointment: carrying independent responsibility & control of own office & department; in Europe & Middle East with own Regiment, & in Far East with Brigade of Gurkhas. Available interview U.K. December. Free about April, 1955. Box 1421.

YOUNG American lady, university educ., desires temp job (Oct.-Jan.) London, doing anything legal and ladylike. Box 1291.

EX-Secretarial Officer, 24, interested Art, Antiques presentable, trained as Painter, skS. interesting job London. Box 1264.

LIBRARIAN (female) requires employment where enthusiasm is welcomed and facilities are available for completion of original research on Opera. Box 1271.

YOUNG man, 33, intelligent, willing, seeks employment in music or book shop in or nr. London; has done clerical, shorthand-typg. work. Not Saturdays. Christian. Write Denys Sage, 51 Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

INTERESTING work any kind required London/Cambridge by teacher of music, female (27). Box 1237.

YOUNG woman seeks employment in musical environment. Bookkeeper-typist. Reads music. Vocal student. Wide knowledge classical records. Suggestions welc. Box 1498.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

MEETINGS enable you to reach those who attend. A duplicator will enable you to reach those who don't! A Foolscap "Emphas" will give a lifetime of first-class service, yet it costs only £5 complete ready to use and guaranteed. Illus. details from makers Blaiklock, Gray Ltd., Hockley, Essex.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern, Worcs. Est. 1898.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Hansard from January 1941-July 1949, without index volume, bound dark blue, £8; "N.S. & N.," 1946-54; Hopkinson Baby Grand, 4ft. 6in., mahogany, first-class condition, beautiful tone (view London by arrangement); Remington Portable Typewriter, excellent condition, £15; Portable Typewriter, Erika-Bijou, International Keyboard, £15; especially beautiful pure silk Indian Sari, unused, perfect condition, £20/nearest offer; Grundig Tape Recorder, TK9, as new 55*gns.* (cost 65*gns.*); German Linguaphone, £5.

WANTED: Trotsky, James, Rosenberg, Borkenau, Kautsky, Soviet Studies; Hand-wound Portable Gramophone; French Linguaphone Course.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LEATHERHEAD District (20 miles London), Fetcham Village: attractive semi-detached bungalow; ideal for use by artist, containing magnificent studio 20 × 15' with two windows, one facing North; wood block floor and slow combustion stove. Additional accommodation comprises sitting-room; 2 bedrooms; kitchen and usual offices, together with outside coal bunker; well-stocked garden. £2,950 or near offer. Apply Box 1430.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 456

URCHFONT Manor. Week-end Nov. 19-21. "The Art of the 18th Century." Lectures and discussions on the subject of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition for 1955. Week o. Week-end Oct. 25-31. "The Irish Literary Movement." A reassessment of the main figures and their background. At the week-end: their influence on English Literature. Speakers include L. A. G. Strong and W. R. Rodgers. Nov. 8-13. "On the Staff." A course designed for office workers dealing with their changing status today, the economic situation of the country, and communication and clear expression. Autumn Programme from The Warden. Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

AT Pendley: Nov. 5-7: The Shape of History in Shakespeare—Course conducted by Roy Walker: Reading and Discussion on the Historical Plays: Visit to Old Vic. Fee: £3. Nov. 19-21: The Origins, Science and Romance of Foxhunting: Habits and behaviour of foxes: Principles of hound breeding: Visit to kennels and stables. Fee: £3. Nov. 27 and 28: Flower Decoration in Autumn and Winter: Demonstrations and Practical Sessions by Constance Spry, Ltd. Fee £1 15s. Dec. 11 and 12: The Concerto: The History of the Concerto—Neil Saunders: The Viola—Bernard Shore: Reading the Score—William Johnson. Fee: £1 15s. Full particulars of all courses from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302).

LEARNING a Foreign Language: Oct. 22-24 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also "Planning for Xmas" (Oct. 22-28); "Maths & Education" and "Painting & Modelling" (Nov. 5-7). 'Phone: Checkendon 221.

BURTON Manor Residential College. Courses on Management, the Arts, Crafts, Economics, History, Sociology, & Philosophy. The Warden will be pleased to send you the Winter Programme, with courses for October, 1954, to March, 1955. Write to Burton Manor College, Burton, Wirral. 'phone Burton 262.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Gedric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

IDEAL Career for the Intelligent Modern Young Woman. Stenotyping (machine shorthand) is quickly and easily learnt; used increasingly by leading home and overseas organisations for verbatim reporting and higher-grade secretarial work. Interesting and progressive posts with opportunities for work abroad, good remuneration and status. Demand for trained stenotypists now exceeds supply. Write for prospectus of day and evening courses or call of demonstration. Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

THE Mentor for Languages, English and Foreign. Tuition all grades by conversation; low fees, pay as you learn; enrolments daily 1-9.30 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA. 2044.

ALSO at The Mentor lunch-hour courses in French conversation.

EXTERNAL Students: send a card for details of Planning & Revision Seminars from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ENGLISH, priv. tuition by Cambridge M.A. (languages, econs.), mod. fees; accom. might be arranged. CHI. 2656. Box 1235.

ERIC de Peyer teaches you to free yourself of over-tension, nerviness, postural faults (leading to back & foot troubles) and faulty breathing, by the Alexander Technique, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

ELOCUTION, Public Speaking, Speeches edited. Particulars: Catherine Sichel, 16 Rosary Gardens, S.W.7. FRE. 3917.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SOCIALISM, Power and World Relations. Fabian Autumn Lects., Livingstone Hall, Westminster, fr. Oct. 26. Sir Richard Acland, P. M. S. Blackett, J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Christopher Mayhew, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams. Dets.: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PROSPECTS Ahead. Fabian Northern Lectures—Leeds and Manchester; Harold Wilson, Kenneth Younger, Roy Jenkins. For details 'phone Leeds 53660 or Pendleton 1872.

ADVANCED Case Work Course. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced case workers, aged preferably 28-45 years, for fellowships for full-time training in the Tavistock Clinic (Children's Department). Period of training mid-September, 1955, to end of July, 1956. Further information and application forms obtainable from the Senior Tutor, Advanced Case Work Course, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Closing date for applications November 30, 1954.

MATHS tuition indiv. arrgd. by correspondence or for residents; long/short periods; low fees. H. O. Hughes, B.Sc., Neuadd-fach, Abbey Cwmhir, Llandrindod.

GERMAN courses, Miss G. Seidmann, M.A., 4/40, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

YOGA.—Sri Yogacharya B. C. Nandi, B.A., now available to give private instruction in Yoga methods of Relaxation and Physical Health. Concentration and advanced Meditation also taught to qualified pupils. Classes in postures and breathing available for those who like group work. For all details apply Secretary, Y.P.S. School, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. Tel. SLOane 6994.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 4657.

EXPERIENCED Teacher of Russian Language gives lessons. MAI. 3813.

PUBLIC Speaking, inc. preparation of speeches. David Goldblatt. FRE. 9302.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse, all ages. Brochure: Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

PERSONAL

YUGOSLAV woman (35), educated Austria, Switzerland, and wishing to visit England, seeks position in family as child-help or housekeeper. Would accept au pair with some pocket money. Fluent German. Some English, French, Hungarian. Box 1294

HERTFORDSHIRE accommodation. I am the widow of a distinguished Head Master and I would like to receive a retired teacher as a paying guest in my home. I live in a comfortably furnished cottage set in the midst of a well-stocked garden. The cottage has telephone, electricity throughout and a garage that would be at the disposal of the possessor of a car. I have a domestic help who has been with me for 13 years. Terms would be very moderate. Isobel Abbott, "West Winds," Church Lane, Sarratt (near Rickmansworth), Herts.

YNG. married wmn. journalist with gd. sectl. trng., own typewrtr., now free few times weekly or at odd hours, to give quick intelligent help to writers, politicians, booksellers & others. French & German. Box 1298.

SOUTH of France: Self-contained furn. flat. 4 rooms. Near sea and mountains. Accommodation simple but comfortable. Low rent. Send postage coupon. Box 1425.

MORRIS 10, late '39, for sale cheap because noisy and shabby although going well. 'Phone FOR. 6379.

FRENCH family reqs. English girl, help 2 children, from Oct. or Nov. Devaulx, Le Saule, Chavroche, Allier.

COTTAGE to let betwn. Cannes and Grasse. 3 rooms, water, elec. Box 1448.

CANADA. Collector seeks early works on Canada. Books and maps. English & French. Details to Box 1028.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

LADY living nr. Baker Street station requires French conversation lessons at her home by well-qualified Parisienne—would give English lessons in exchange and small sum per hour. Write Box 1330.

FRENCH stud. reqd. coach Englishman French convers. & literature. Box 1317.

FRENCH conversation practice, adults. Direct method. WIM. 5789, evenings.

BEFORE buying pictures always read Abbott's Lists of originals by best artists at lowest prices (£1-£10). Box 1287.

PHOTO-portraits taken at your home; also children's parties, etc. WIL. 5805.

ENGLISHMAN, early 40s, wishes to live in with Russian family in order to improve Russian. Box 1214.

BACHELOR, 34, interested Arts, seeks week-end country retreat near London: would share cottage or rent room with congenial family. Box 1210.

PERSONAL—continued

MAJORCA. Some attractive furnished cottages to let from November to March in lovely mountain village on exciting N.W. Coast. Rents, to include light, linen and morning maid, from 3gns. Sterling. Not suitable for invalids. Write Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, Ca'n Quet, Deyá, Majorca.

ISRAEL needs British Books. Send "British Books for Israel Gift Tokens." Application forms and details from International Book Tokens, 50 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

VIENNESE lady gives private lessons in Home Cooking. Moderate fees, excellent results. Box 1234.

MATHS., Physics, Languages given by headmaster. Beginners also accepted. Common Entrance preparation. Box 1233.

YOUNG girl wanted for mother's help, two to three months from Jan. 1955, in South Wales. Box 1217.

WANTED, house/bungalow/cott. by the sea for all July or Aug. 1955. Box 1216.

EXPECTANT mother, widow/single, cffd. temp. accom. New Year, S/Coast. Possibility baby-care later. Suit older graduate; quiet, simple tastes. Non-smoker. Box 1471.

AUTHORS of new plays are invited to communicate with Frank Rennie, 34a, Upper Montagu St., London, W.1, for particulars of the Play Service Bureau.

MAJORCA, Soller, sunny seaside flat Oct., Nov. 8gns. a month. FLA. 8667.

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ARTS graduate, 23, free till January, wants travel. Can drive. Box 1390.

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SWISS boy 19, matric., willing teach German, French, Italian, seeks English family, au Pair, 6 months. Box 1380.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 1364.

SECRETARIAL & book-keeping work required, evenings. Box 1423.

MOTHER'S Help wanted over Xmas, assist with small child & house. Good salary & other help. Box 1400

PAINTINGS restored. Reasonable charges. Write Studio, 23 Arthur Rd., S.W.19.

GIRL stud. desperately needs any Saturday morning job. Help pay fees. Box 1403.

HALLOWEEN Party (incl. Square Dance). Details from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

WANTED, paintings, drawings or woodcuts. Found at Mary Turner's, 68 Parliament Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 4382.

WEEK-END Drawing and Painting in unspoilt surroundings near London; comfortable accommodation; well heated in cold weather; single or double rooms; all meals provided. Tuition if reqd. by experienced artists. (Beginners or advanced, amateur or professional.) Box 1077.

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WHY don't you write to Douglas V. Morgan, private astrologer? Details s.a.e.: Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

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ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

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PERSONAL—continued

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WINTERSPORTS: Our personally selected Winter Sports centres include Davos, Zermatt, Champéry, Lech, Obergurgl, Hochsoelden, Kitzbuehel and a number of smaller village centres offering good value and local colour. 16 days' holiday from 27½gns. Special beginners' parties with ski and boot hire and ski instruction from 34gns. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225/6.

A NATIONAL Amateur Art Exhibition is being sponsored by The Artist magazine and the Royal Society of British Artists at the R.B.A. Galleries. Sending-in day 9 November 18. Forms & information from 51 Piccadilly, W.1.

ARTISTS As Artists' Agents we give personal direction to a selected number of artists to enable them to sell their work in existing markets for magazine illustration and advertising. Essential conditions: Good Draughtsmanship. A wish to co-operate. Ambition to earn a good income. Prof. experience not essential. Enqs. to Box 1457.

ENJOY yourself painting one afternoon or evening weekly: serious individual tuition for beginners in pleasantly informal atmosphere. Small classes. Box 1459.

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PHYLLIS Perlow, Psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

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THE Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Osteopathy, Manipulation, Massage. Ask for brochure.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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P.S. Harold Ingham offers ski holidays at Bretaye and Obergurgl—16 days—28½gns. —ski hire and lessons included. Departures December 18 and March 19. Programme from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Sun. Discn. 7.45. "Arden of Faversham."

ARTS (TEM. 3334) 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. "Saint Joan." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30; Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr incls. Guest Ticket.

HARRO Siegel's Marionettes in Faust and Divertissements, 3 and 8 p.m. Fri., Sat. Oct. 8, 9. Also 2 perfs. Sun., Oct. 10 (mems. only). Presented by the Group Theatre at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. (S. Kensington Station). Tkts. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Advance bookings: HAM. 8248.

PARK Lane Theatre, Mon. next, Oct. 11, 8 p.m. Richard Heller announces a Solo Dance Recital by Geraldine Stephenson. Tkts. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. & 3s. 6d. from usual Agents, Park Lane Th. (GRO. 7715) & Richard Heller, 77 Dean St., W.1, GER. 9911.

STOLL. Oct. 20-Nov. 13. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's opera "Joan of Arc." Symph. Orch. Cast of 100. Dir. Rossellini.

EMPRESS Hall. Sat., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Celebration: Opening of British-Soviet Month, November, 1954: 37th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, M. Malik, speaks. Soviet guests include Khachaturian, composer; Leonov, writer; Mme. Novikova, chairman of the Consumer Goods Workers Trade Union. Soviet singers and dancers will perform. Medvedev's Estrada Orchestra. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d. 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 10: Jean Gabin in "Pépé Le Moko" (A). From Oct. 11: Maxim Gorki Trilogy Pt. 1. "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Oct. 9, Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 10, 7.30. "Le Plaisir" (Cert. X) France.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Programmes of Art Films for Adults. Suns. 2 & 3.30 p.m. Oct. 10, 17 and 24. Admission free. Oct. 10: "Painter and Poet, No. 3," "The Story of Spring," "Matisse."

SCALA Theatre, 7.30, Sun., Oct. 10. Soviet Films: "Chuk and Gek," following great success at Edinburgh Festival. "Snow Maiden," "Paintings of Makovsky," "Two Legends." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. CLE. 4161.

FILM Show, Hampstead Town Hall. Lone White Sail. Dream of Christmas (Puppets), Newsreel. Fri., Oct. 15, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. B.S.F.S. Educ. Cttee.

I.C.A. Dancing: Sidney Gold and his Orchestra. Sat., Oct. 9, 8-11 p.m. at Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

CALYPSO Dance Sat., Oct. 9, with Ginger Johnson's Latin American Rhythm, Holb. Hall, Grays Inn Rd. (Tube: Chancery Lane). Guest Artist: Calypsonian "Mighty Terror." Ladies 3s./Gent 4s. Organised by Caribbean Labour Congress L.B.

CONCERTS

BEETHOVEN. Trio in C Minor for Strings; Septet in E Flat. Boyd Neel Chamber Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., Oct. 9, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

DVORAK Jubilee Concert.—Commemorating a Great Musician and a Great Humanist. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Oct. 17, 7.30. Works by Dvorak and Janacek. Artistes: Anne Wood, Leonard Cassini, Suzanne Rozsa, Paul Hamburger, Mary and Geraldine Peppin, W.M.A. Singers. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from B.C.F.L., 20 Pont Street, S.W.1.

GUILDHALL Ensemble, Dennis Brain (horn), cond. Matyas Seiber. Chelsea Town Hall, Wed. next, Oct. 13 at 8. Mozart Horn Concerto (K.407), Seiber Notturno, 1st perf. Du Plessis Serenade for Strings, works by Hassler, Scheidt, Gabrieli & Bartok. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Cecil Roy (KEN. 0121) and usual agents.

NOEL Mewton-Wood. A Memorial Concert in the Wigmore Hall will be given by Peter Pears, Benjamin Britten, Dennis Brain, Max Rostal, Herbert Downes and The Zorian String Quartet. The programme will include the First Performance of works especially written for the occasion by Arthur Bliss, Benjamin Britten and Alan Bush. Saturday, December 4, 7.30 p.m. Full programme available November, but tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., now on sale at Hall (WEL. 2141).

THE Polish Cultural Institute presents a Chopin Commemoration Concert, Wigmore Hall, W.1, Sunday, October 17, at 3 p.m. Anne Wood Contralto, Martin Lawrence Baritone, Robin Wood Solo Piano. Prog. includes Songs Op. 74 and B Minor Piano Sonata. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Hall. WEL. 2141.

CONCERTS—continued

CHELSEA Town Hall. Thurs. next, Oct. 14, at 8. Hurwitz Chamber Ensemble. Concerti Grossi Handel A min., E min., Corelli in D; Concerti Violin in A, Bach, Four Violins Vivaldi; Symphony No. 1 in Bb, Boyce.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Concert for Voice and Percussion by Monica Sinclair, Gilbert Webster, James Blades. Prog. will include works by Richard Rodney Bennett, Daniel Jones, Anthony Milner, Roberto Gerhard. Tues. Oct. 19, 8.15. Mems. free, non-mems. 5s. Further details next wk.

MUSIC of China, singing and instrumental with explanatory talk. Mon., Oct. 11, 8 p.m. at Royal Empire Society Hall, Northumberland Ave. (off Trafalgar Sq.). Org. by Asian Music Circle. Mem. 1s. 6d., non-mem. 2s. 6d. Further inf. from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

MADRIGAL & Folk Song Concert by "Der Junge Chor," Hanover, Tues., Oct. 12 at 7.30 in Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Silver collection. Partics. German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. TRA. 7231.

BEN Uri Art Society presents a Concert by the Ben Uri Ensemble. Conductor: James Verity. Soloist: Jean Grayston (contralto). Sunday, Oct. 10 at 8 p.m. at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Programme includes works by Brahms, Gounod, Mozart and Gordon Jacob. Tickets 2s. 6d., 5s. and 7s. 6d. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibitions: Pinchus Kremegne; Bryan Kneale. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes November 6.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday Painters. Arranged by Robert Melville. Closing Oct. 9. Opening Oct. 14: Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Members have received list of special Views, Parties, and visits to Private Collections arranged for October and November. Anyone wishing to join should apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Membership one guinea.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso Pottery. Closes October 9. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. 1st Exhibitions of Paintings by Roderic Barrett, John Bratby, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Recent drawings by Nigel Lambourne. Wkdays inc. Sats. 10-6.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Will Roberts, Bernard Dunstan, W. Barns-Graham.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Fenosa Sculptures, Paul Klee Water Colours. Until October 22.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

FREE Painters' Group from the I.C.A. 2nd Annual Exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., W.1.

SUSSEX Crafts Exhibition of Pottery, Basketware, Handwoven Fabrics, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Paintings by Mary Potter and Brooke Farrar. Drawings by Ronald Searle. 10-5.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Paintings by Harold Cohen and Martin Bradley.

EXHIBITION of Individual Pieces of Swedish Pottery by Rohrstrand until Oct. 16, followed by exhibition—Planting in Pottery—at Primavera, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Europeans seen through Native Eyes. Sculptures from Africa, Asia & America.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

CHINESE Books—Art, Technical, Children's: in English and Chinese. Fine new selection; some exhibition pieces, others for sale. Collet's new Book Gallery, 44, Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily (no Suns.) 11-6.30; October 2-28. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CEZANNE. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term, 1954. Mon., Oct. 18, 25, Nov. 1, 8, at 5.30; Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature, by Mr. Isaiah Berlin, The Marvellous Decade: Literature and Social Criticism in Russia, 1838-48. Thurs., Oct. 21, at 5.15: Miss Margaret S. Drower, Methods of Ancient Diplomacy in the Second Millennium B.C. Thurs., Nov. 4, at 5.15: Mr. G. W. S. Barrow, The Beginnings of Feudalism in Scotland. Thurs., Nov. 18, at 5.15: Mr. I. R. Christie, King George II. Thurs., Dec. 2, at 5.15: Mr. A. J. Taylor, Thomas Hodgskin, Marxism and Anarchism. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

"ART Education in the London Region." W. G. Stone, Director of Education, Brighton C.B., at open meeting of London A.T.T.I., Garnett College, 83 New Kent Rd., S.E.1, 10.30 a.m., Saturday, October 9.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 Sunday, 11 a.m., Oct. 10, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Arnold in perspective." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

LUNCH to Arnold Toynbee on publication of final volumes of "A Study of History," Oct. 15 at Royal Empire Society. Details and tickets (12s. 6d.) from Book House, Ltd., 7 Whitehall, S.W.1. (WHI. 2766.)

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Oct. 15, Mrs. Evelyn Reynolds: "Bhoodan" (Land-Gift)—a Gandhian Experiment. 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

A. S. NEILL: "The Free Child." Watford Town Hall (1 minute from Green Line Coach Stop), Wed., Oct. 13, 8 p.m. Doors open 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. at door.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. October 16 at 6 p.m. Dr. Gertrud Seidman. "Wien und die Oper."

HAMPSTEAD Literary Circle. Winter programme speakers include Joyce Cary, Stella Gibbons, Derek Stanford. Partics.: Mrs. Anscomb, PRI. 0961.

LEARIE Constantine: "A Cricketer Round the World." New Generation Group, Burgh House, off Flask Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube, Monday, Oct. 11, at 8 p.m.

HANS Jaeger: "Germany and Rearmament." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783, Finchley Rd., N.W.11, nr. Regal Cin., Golder's Green, Sun., Oct. 10, at 7.15.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Oct. 14, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Oct. 21: No lecture.

COLONIALS. Coloured Peoples! Meet your allies to plan "How to smash the Colour Bar." John Burns, President, Fire Brigades Union, with Clancy, Petkos, Compton and Strachan, from Ireland, Cyprus, West Indies. Holborn Hall, Sat., Oct. 9, 2.30-5.30.

W. E. Swinton: "Does Science Advance Man?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 7 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 12: Donald Ford, "The Future of the Novel." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Oct. 8: Mr. E. T. MacMichael, "Circuses — Kindness or Cruelty?" Friday, Oct. 15: "The Visit of the Labour Party Delegation to China." Speaker to be announced. Adm. free.

THE Rev. Francis House, M.A., & Rabbi Leo Baeck, Ph.D., D.H.L., will speak on "The Scope and Limitations of Co-operation Between Jews and Christians"—(1) Religious Witness—on Thursday, October 14, at 8.15 p.m., at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. Under the auspices of the London Society of Jews & Christians. All are welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Can a Union be too large?": an official of the N.A.S.D., Wed., October 13, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

THE Business and Professional Forum. The Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin will speak on "Your Rights under the Landlord and Tenant Act," on Thursday, October 21, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

FAWCETT Society. Miss M. D. Clarke, Headmistress of an Interim Comprehensive School, on "The Comprehensive School." Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster, Friday, October 15, 7 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed. Oct. 13, 6.30. "The Way to Mindfulness": Mr. John Averil.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Sunday, October 10: Mr. Leon Roth on "The Relevance of Maimonides' Teaching Today." Horse Shoe Hotel (next Dominion Theatre), W.1. 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Friday, October 8, 6.30-8 p.m.: Russian Conversation. 8 p.m.: Professor R. Betts (London Univ.): "Soviet Policy in relation to Central and South Eastern Europe since 1944."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. October 10: "Who or What Is God?"

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Oct. 12: "The Inner Evolution of Man." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London Department of Extra-Mural Studies. "Aspects of Recorded Sound"—12 Public Lecture-Recitals, illus. by recordings. Mondays, fortnightly, at 7.30 at the French Inst., Queensberry Place, S. Kensington. Oct. 11: Nancy Price (with recorded voices of Hugh Walpole, Ellen Terry, Tree, Benson, etc.); Oct. 25: W. R. Rodgers (with Yeats & Joyce). Later lecturers: Harold Rosenthal, Alec Robertson, Dorothy Moulton, Leon Goossens, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, Geraint Jones, Dino Borgioli, Thurston Dart, Mary Garden, Lionel Tertis. Fee (season) £1. Single lec. 2s. 6d. All enquiries to British Institute of Recorded Sound, c/o 35 Queen Anne St., W.1. FRE. 9270.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Seminar: Books and the Modern Movement. Six meetings on books by Le Corbusier, Herbert Read, Gertrude Stein, R. H. Wilenski, Nikolaus Pevsner and Roger Fry given by Toni del Renzio, Lawrence Alloway, Robert Melville, Reg. Butler, Robert Furneaux Jordan and Reyner Banham respectively. Oct. 14, 8.15 (I) Toni del Renzio: "Towards a New Architecture," by Le Corbusier. Chair.: Reyner Banham. Booking for complete course only: limited space. Details from office.

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean St., W.1. GER. 5006. Autumn 1954. Thursdays, 6.30 p.m., Oct. 14 to Dec. 9: An inquiry into the logic and psychology of symbolism in expression and communication. Discussion will be opened by Prof. A. J. Ayer, Prof. K. Britton, Prof. H. H. Price, Sir Russell Brain and others. Admission 2s. each lecture, by invitation only.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be given by Professor Frank E. Brown (Yale) at 5.30 p.m. on October 18, 20 and 22, at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Oct. 18: "Rome: the Site and the City." Oct. 20: "Etruscan Rome." Oct. 22: "Rome and Hellenism." Adm. free, without ticket.

MORLEY College. Vacancies for students in the Theatre School and in classes in Psychology, Literature, Economics, Science, Harmony, Sight-singing, History of Music, Handwriting, and Chess. Good voices can still be accepted in the College Choirs and good strings in the College Orchestras. Fees from 12s. 6d. p.a. Details from Secretary, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

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